

SCAMP

THE SPARKLING COMPANION FOR MEN

Confessions
of the Sultry
Kiss-and-Tell Spy

MAY 1965
FIFTY CENTS

Full Color Special:
FOLLOWING THE SIRENS
WHO FOLLOW THE SUN!

HOW TO MAKE IT BIG
IN CAFE SOCIETY





SCAMPS' mirror reflects the trim charms of Stacy Dennis—but that isn't all it has to show. Look a little further and you'll find a lot more beauties, as well as top articles and fiction beyond this looking-glass. Here is a wonderful world for SCAMPS! ●



SCAMP

THE SPARKLING COMPANION FOR MEN



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COVER PHOTO by Ron Vogel

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MAY, 1960

VOL. 3, NO. 5

TED GOTTFRIED
editor

MICHAEL PAUL RAND
art director

JACK BLAGMAN
advertising director



New "Pep Pill" For Men, Women, Developed by Lab

**NON-PRESCRIPTION "INVIGORATOR" PILL IS SAFE,
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to the public by selling it 'direct' by mail.

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"PEP" FOR YOUNG AND OLD

ZEST is available only by mail and may be obtained by buying 'direct' from the manufacturer. Mr. Rose suggested that anyone who needs help for ending temporary mental and physical fatigue should take ZEST right away. It may be used effectively by housewives, executives, professional people, laborers, athletes, oldsters, etc.—anyone who needs a daily pickup in "pep".

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BY SAM BREWER



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zil" to "Shanghai" to "Madrid" and
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dition to the Jones collection.

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Lionel Hampton, Fletcher Hender-
son and many other immortals of
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as you can get, and is a must for
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THE FOLK-BLUES OF JOHN
LEE HOOKER (Riverside) spot-
lights the enormous talent of a
"new" folk singer. John Lee Hooker
is a star in the rhythm and blues pop
field, but on this disc he explores
his roots and at the same time dis-
plays a real greatness. Hooker cap-
tures the earthy, vibrant quality of
the old-time folk blues with such
authenticity of style that it is diffi-
cult not to compare him—favorably
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SON OF GUNN! (Contemporary),
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Play More Music From Peter Gunn.
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ganization noted for the length of
their album titles—no, they also
have Shelly Manne, the best jazz
drummer going, who comes up with
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every single month. Here the ubiq-
uitous Mr. Manne and his group
play Henry Mancini's additional
compositions for the "Peter Gunn"
TV series. The music is exciting and
sophisticated, as good Peter Gunn
music should be, and Shelly's Men
make it more so.

THE DAY NOTHING HAP-
PENED, by Corey Ford (Double-
day) is a spoof on the "Day" books
so devastating that it's likely to dis-
courage any further serious attempts
along this well-worn line. Mr. Ford
follows the technique to the letter,
recording the minute-by-minute
happenings of his day, but unfortu-
nately on Mr. Ford's day Lincoln
wasn't shot, the Titanic didn't sink,
Normandy wasn't invaded, nor was
Pearl Harbor bombed. The only
thing that did happen was that Mr.
Ford wrote one of the funniest books
of the season.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SIR
HARRY OAKES, by Geoffrey Bocca
(Doubleday) reveals all that is now
known about one of the classic mur-
ders of the century. Sir Harry
Oakes, one of the world's richest
men, was killed on July 9, 1943, and
the murder has never been solved.
Mr. Bocca's carefully researched
book sheds some new light on the
case, though, and may be one of the
reasons why this case has recently
been reopened. A fascinating tale of
intrigue.

SONIA, JE T'ADORE, by Pierre
Daninos, (Alfred A. Knopf) con-
cerns just about everything—in al-
phabetical order from The Art of
Marriage to Xmas, and everything
inbetween that can bear scrutiny
by Monsieur Daninos' pungent wit.
This wonderful collection of humor
pieces is illustrated charmingly by
Jacques Charnoz.

WARRIOR'S REST, by Christiane
Rechort (David McKay) is a frank,
erotic tale written in curious short
and bitter sentences.



I'd like to give this to my fellow men... while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my

summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a handrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is rubbish! And anyone who tries to tell you that you can think your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be earned! I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept

something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depression, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turn-

ing out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in the few days to come.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest \$15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesman. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON
1512 Jorvis Ave., Suite M-21-D
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

FICTION

Cerseyey won all the big pots, but he didn't know
quite what to do about the biggest one of all



BY WILLIAM M. DOUGLAS

WILLIAM M. DOUGLAS

Lucky at Cards



IN A MINUTE the telephone was going to ring. Jack Rollins would answer and he would be invited to attend a friendly, fifty-cent limit poker game. He would accept, and it would be a night he would never forget, and not just because of money.

Cersey called on the telephone at seven. Jack picked up the receiver. "Hello!"

"Hello, Jack," Cersey said. "Feel like a little game of cards?"

"What kind of stakes?" Jack asked.

"Nothing big—fifty cents."

Jack didn't know. Fifty cents didn't sound too large, but if you hit a bad losing streak it could mount up fast. Especially on a seventy-five dollar a week job with car payments and room and board coming out. He had fifty dollars on him but he had planned to use it the coming weekend to go down to

Myrtle Beach. He wasn't too anxious.

"I don't think I better, Cersey."

"Aw, come on. Don't be a dead head. It's going to be over at Gilbert's apartment. There will be just four of us."

"Who's number four?" Jack asked.

"Fellow by the name of Wilbur Mullins. A friend of Gilbert's. Old home town buddy. He's alright."

"Well, I . . . O.K."

Jack hadn't been at Gilbert's apartment ten minutes before he found out that Wilbur Mullins wasn't exactly the way Cersey had so casually described him over the telephone. He was a much different case entirely from the idea Jack had received by Cersey's quick description, "an old home town buddy of Gilbert's. He's alright."

To start off with it turned out that Wilbur Mullins wasn't there alone, but that his wife Shirley was with him and they were spending the

night. The arrangement was a peculiar one.

Wilbur Mullins, Jack learned, had been working in a shoe factory in Connecticut until a month before. The factory had closed and Wilbur had been forced to look elsewhere for work. After a month he located a job in Florida and now they were on their way down there. Since Gilbert had come from the same place in Connecticut it was a must that they stop by and see him on the way down. Or that's the way Wilbur put it, but Jack figured they had stopped there because it was convenient and also because they were broke and knew they could free-load off Gilbert.

Wilbur Mullins was about twenty-eight. He was a large man, heavy set, big boned sort, and with one of those deep dark beards that no matter how he shaved still left his jaw looking black. Continued p. 62

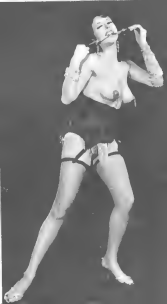


Sabra Dance

**Presenting the dancer who
rocked Elvis in the sensational
dance that rocked Europe!**

WHEN WORD reached the editors of SCAMP concerning the effect the gyrations of a Munich brauhaus dancer had on the king of the rock-n'-rollers, Private Elvis Presley himself, it was decided that this act was something the readers of SCAMP should see. Thanks to the cooperation of a Munich photographer, this has been made possible and thanks to the cooperation of a journalist of the same city, SCAMP has also been filled in on the seemingly magnetic attraction Fraulein Sabra Samarr holds for the singer who made 'pelvis' a household word. It seems that at first Sabra used three discreetly arranged Presley records as props in her routine and Elvis, stationed nearby, went to see her out of curiosity. He was entranced by the spin Sabra gave his platters—especially since they were all that concealed all of Sabra from her audience. Elvis came to see her again and was impressed by her talent. When she revamped the act, dropping the discs and substituting instead the costume you see on these pages, the "Hound Dog" hollerer was still interested. Who can blame him? Sabra's artistry is not dependent on accoutrements for its success. Years of study, combined with a natural sense of rhythm and perfect timing have made her one of the top exotics in Germany. This, in turn, has attracted the attention of U.S. impresarios and Sabra is slated to appear in this country soon. Don't miss her! ●



























"Cut, dammit, cut!"

HOW TO MAKE IT BIG IN CAFE SOCIETY

BY ED BELDON

BARELY WITHIN the Realm of Possibility and almost Beyond Belief, there lies a fascinating 51st State called Cafe Society. It is bounded on the South by Greenwich Village and on the North, conveniently, by John Ringling North. On the West is the busy frontier we call Fifth Avenue and we are willing to go as far East as Aly Khan.

Within our little State are all of the Hamptons (including Hope) and a colorful tribe of predatory females known as the Gabors. Our tourist attractions include the United Nations, Tiffany's, Miss Hewitt's Classes and a venerable institution called Tommy Manville.

Our climate is variable: only last week an unwary tourist was frozen by a waiter's icy stare beneath the ersatz palm trees of El Morocco. The natives are restless, particularly at night, but on the whole a friendly lot. The economy is rather unstable in our State and the prices are outrageous, but what with the Diners' Club, nobody seems to give a damn.

Arriving in Cafe Society is a tricky business. Some manage to get there overnight without so much as a road map or clear idea of exactly where they're going. And others have been wandering around Manhattan for years looking for a means of entering this magic world, but they've had no luck.

This, then, is a handy guide for SCAMP readers who would like to make it very, very big in Cafe Society.

The young lady or young man who aspires to make it very, very big in Cafe Society must be prepared to sell his soul in large chunks to newspaper columnists (they hold the power of life and death over the Cafe Socialite), nightclub press agents and the headwaiters in such Cafe Society meccas as El Morocco, the Stork, Eden Roc, the Harwyn, Luchow's and the Little Club.

Columnists, of course, know only a fraction of the

people they write about (some of whom are non-existent) and they depend on the press agents and the headwaiters in the various spots to feed them much of their news. The way to a headwaiter's heart, medical research has established, is through the palm of his hand, so if you want him to remember your name and give you the preferred table, don't fail to make with those little green paper etchings of late Presidents.

Press agents are eager to pick up news items of all sorts to feed the columnists, so it is up to the aspiring Cafe Socialite to make himself interesting enough in some way to become newsworthy in the eyes of the p.a. Some people go so far as to become clients of a press agent in order to break the columns, but with a bit of imagination this isn't usually necessary.

One of the oldest gimmicks is billing oneself as the heir or heiress to this or that fortune. Just after World War II ended a young lady named Mary Lou Schroeder arrived on the scene and was soon well established in the columns as "the cattle heiress," although Mary Lou had never seen a steer on the hoof and had spent most of her life rounding up the dogies in nightclubs around the country.

So effective was her campaign that she married a wealthy Connecticut businessman. A short while later she divorced him to wed an even wealthier one—C. V. (Sonny) Whitney.

Being identified, in some way, with a celebrity is a simple way to get into the columns. Jeff Jones, usually to be found at El Morocco's Round Table, has been publicized for years in the columns as "Gloria Vanderbilt's first date." Similarly, Jeanne McCormack Pohna is always called "Grace Kelly's best friend" and both showgirl Rosemary Ridgewell and model Betty Cooper have had reams of mentions as "Ex-Mayor O'Dwyer's girl friend."

TV actress Dottie Mack became a celebrity through the column mentions she received as "the girl who said no to Sinatra." Jeweler Paul Schwartz, a well known man-about-town, became even more

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Maybe it's a solid gold ball for testing caviar, on operation to slant the eyes, or
naming a house "Hotred," but you can't crash the El Morocco set without a gimmick!



The socialites shown above demonstrate the variety of methods by which entry is gained to the elite of cafe society. Starting at the top and going clockwise, we find Rosemary Ridgewell who became known as ex-Mayor O'Dwyer's girl friend, Tommy Manville who married his way to fame, Nancy Berg whose cigar-smoking gained her attention, Datto Mack, "the girl who said no to Sinatra," Phillip Schell who was fired as a husband.

HOW TO MAKE IT BIG IN CAFE SOCIETY

well known to the general public by dating Lady Adele Beatty when she visited New York. And actress Kathy Carlyle reaped a whirlwind of publicity by getting herself invited to travel to Europe with the Shah of Iran a while back.

The late John J. K. Caskie, scion of an old Virginia family, became an important Cafe Socialite when he bought "Friendship," the Washington home of the late Evelyn Walsh McLean, and renamed it "Hatred," while a young man named Bill Gray carved a permanent niche in Cafe Society annals by managing to collect a total of 228 stitches in one year of being stabbed, punched, kicked and clobbered with beer bottles.

The unusual or the bizarre never fails to impress Cafe Society. Tilak Raj Oberoi, the son of the rich Calcutta hotel man, became an overnight sensation around El Morocco a few years ago by appearing nightly in a white or midnight blue tunic emblazoned with diamond buttons the size of half dollars. Inevitably, Oberoi became known by the nickname "Diamond Buttons" and was frequently linked romantically with a score of beauties, including Marguerite Skoda, a red-haired eyeful whose name inevitably won her the column label "munitions heiress," although in reality she was just an ordinary girl from the midwest.

One of the country's outstanding publicists, Russell Birdwell, has an

enviable record of showing people how to get themselves newspaper space. For Longines heiress Zita Miller, Birdwell suggested a novel—and proceeded to write it for her to boot. And, as a favor to a young model interested in getting into columns, Birdwell suggested a black monacle.

Nancy Berg, a top high fashion model, managed to become a Cafe Society character as well by smoking cigars in public. Georgette MacDonald rated frequent column items whenever she glanced at her watch—which is sewn into her garter. And Marian Saunders, the blonde wife of a wealthy Chinese importer, got widespread publicity after undergoing an operation to give her eyes an Oriental slant.

Liz Schell's name became a household word a year ago when, under the shrewd guidance of Birdwell, she sent a cablegram to her husband, Philip Schell, informing him that she was "firing" him as her husband after a scant four months of marital blitz.

Maurice Dreicer, a millionaire New Yorker, has become a full-fledged Cafe Socialite by devoting his life to the search for a perfect steak. Dreicer's presence in a smart restaurant is always worth a paragraph in the columns. He provides the waiter with gloves to carry the red hot platter holding his steak and then proceeds to stick a thermometer into it to determine if the

temperature of the meat is correct and finally he cuts it (or attempts to cut it) with a gold butter knife.

Another of Dreicer's gimmicks is a solid gold ball he wears on his watch chain and uses regularly to test the consistency of his caviar. Dropping the gold ball into the bowl, Dreicer checks the time it takes for it to sink to the bottom. If all is well, he eats the caviar and if it isn't, he sends it back.

The world of Cafe Society is, of course, as phony as a three dollar bill, but from this area come some of our most colorful and amusing personalities, a few of whom never really existed except in the fertile imagination of some thoughtful press agent.

"A few years ago," one well known publicist confided to SCAMP, "I decided that the best angle for a press agent was to invent a group of non-existent people and to have them romance, fight, reconcile, marry, have babies, divorce and remarry ad infinitum."

"This way, I reasoned, there would never be any kickbacks or lawsuits about items and I would never be in trouble with any columnist for giving him a wrong item. As an experiment, I began sending out items about a fellow I called Drew Berkowitz, ostensibly the heir to an Akron, O., rubber fortune.

"Drew hit the columns like a ton of marshmallows. Winchell had him romancing a famous actress. Wilson had him wrestling a Great Dane in the lobby of the Plaza. Kilgallen had him captured by the Mau Maus in Africa and Frank Farrell had him swimming the English Channel.

"Finally Drew became so famous that Earl Wilson called to ask where he might find Drew in order to write an entire column about him. I had to have poor Drew killed in a plane crash to get off the hook, but he was certainly great while he lasted."

So there you are—all of the ways to get into Cafe Society, complete with a rundown on black monacles, gold caviar testers and diamond buttons. And has anyone thought of wearing a wedding band on the third toe, left foot?



"You've had enough, Bud."

SCAMPISH HUMOR



"Will you stop worrying! My wife thinks I'm away at a convention."

Visiting a Gypsy fortune teller, one fellow we know was "told" to note that her crystal ball had two holes in it. When he commented on this, the fortune-teller shrugged his shoulders, saying, "In my spare time I am bowling lessons."

When his car broke down, the traveling salesman walked up to a farmhouse and rapped on the door. When the farmer answered, the salesman asked if he could put him up for the night. "I reckon so," said the farmer, "but there's a mite crowded and you'll have to sleep with my young son." "Hell!" the salesman expostulated disgustedly, "I'm in the wrong joke."

SCAMPISH RECIPE The best way to make a tough little chorine tender is to soak her in money.

Talk about SCAMPS! One fellow we know is such a Lothario that the 47th name in his little black book is Annabelle Aarons!

A confirmed gambler for many years suddenly reformed and explained it

to friends this way: "I'm tired of the 'house' I've owned in the gambling place and some damn fool gambler jockey ped a saddle on me before I could straighten up."

"What did you do?" someone insistently asked. "What could I do?" replied the gambler. "I was out of condition. I finished sixth."

Conducting a survey on longevity, the interviewer began at the logical place, the local Home for the Aged. Walking up to one oldster, he asked to what he attributed his long life. "Clean living," the old man replied. "I've never touched tobacco or liquor and I've never gambled."

Thanking him, the interviewer asked his age. "78 years," came the answer. Approaching another, the interviewer repeated the question. "Taking it easy," this aged sage replied. "I never run if I can walk, never walk if I can stand, never stand if I can sit and never sit if I can lie down."

The interviewer asked his age. "88," was the reply. Approaching a third man, one with

Boss make you weary?

Lady friend teary?

Life too, too dreary?

Here's humor to cheer ye!

parchment skin, creaking limbs and a quavery voice, the interviewer put the question to him.

"Well, sonny," was the answer, "at's sex does it. Yessir, sex. Every day of my life. Once in the morning, once before lunch—for the appetite's sake, you know—once in the afternoon and at least two or three times every night."

"Thank you very much, sir," said the interviewer respectfully, "and how old did you say you were?"

"27," was the answer.

"My name is Tex," one cowboy introduced himself to another.

"Oh, you from Texas, pardner?" asked the second.

"No," said the first. "I'm from Louisiana. But who wants to be called Louise?"

After all, what can you tell a baby stork when it asks, "Mommy, where did I come from?"

The latest trend in psychology is all-out sex education for youngsters. This may explain a child's reaction to a love scene in a movie one afternoon. The couple on the screen were embracing passionately when this tyke's voice squealed questioningly from the darkness: "Daddy, is this when he puts the pollen on her?"

Being a cab driver is no bed of roses. One hackie tells of the time he was hailed by the doorman of an exclusive club. An expensively dressed old ruger with an aristocratic air climbed into the cab. "Where to, sir?" asked the cabbie.

"Drive to Pier 13 and straight into the Hudson River," the Patron said imperiously. "I've decided to commit suicide."







The Night Before the Ball

"You are invited to a Bal Masque . . ." That's the way the invitation began that threw Sheila Jaffe into a turmoil. It was far that very evening and, with a typically female reaction, the first thing she did was to rush to her clothes closet and groan that she had nothing to wear. But, an invitation to a masquerade is the mother of invention!

Faced with the problem of picking a costume, Sheila wisely decided to start from scratch. Adding a star here and a star there, she devised a fairy princess outfit.











Not in the mood for the fairy tale bit, Sheila discarded it in favor of a French maid costume. That didn't suit her either, so she kept looking.



Finally she figured that since most girls would be wearing exotic outfits, she'd keep it as simple as possible and go as a country cousin.



ART Stevens stomped to the door, a bath towel wrapped tightly about his middle, his damp feet leaving a wet trail behind him. "Never fails," he muttered. "Can't get into a tub without some kind of damn bell going off."

Opening the door, however, his annoyance was somewhat softened by a series of delightfully rounded forms topped by enormous brown eyes and rust-colored hair.

"Hello, there," she said smiling, obviously amused by his attire or rather by the lack of it. "I seem to have picked the wrong time, but if I could come in for a minute I think I have something that might interest you."

You sure do, sister, Art thought to himself. Here's a girl that makes your brain whistle even after she opens her mouth. "If you don't I'd probably wonder for the rest of my life what it was that 'might interest me.'"

Showing her into the living room, he gave her his best boyish smile. "Please, sit down," he said, adding with mock sexy overtones, "while I... ahem... slip into something more comfortable."

Hastily donning a pair of slacks and a shirt, he paused in front of the mirror long enough to admire his reflection. Pretty good shape for a man of fifty, he mused. Actually, Art was fifty-three, but somehow it was easier to think in round figures. Considering the round figure in the next room, he found his heart pounding a bit faster than was normal. Steady, Art. Old boy. Let's not get carried away. Couldn't be more than twenty-one or twenty-two. That's not on you. And yet, he couldn't help thinking of the way she had looked at him. He'd been around enough to know when a girl was giving him that certain kind of once-over. And he'd seen too much not to know when the ratings came out positive—plus. Luckily, he had sucked in his stomach. He looked at himself side view in the mirror. Not bad. Not bad at

all. A wee bit too much weight around the middle—have to do something about that. Hair thinning a little, but hardly noticeable. Just enough lines to hint at maturity. Not old maturity, of course—the young kind. Could probably still pass for forty. Not bad at all.

Reentering the living room he found she had removed her coat and was admiring his only painting.

"What do you think of my Picasso?" He did it during one of his early periods, when his people still looked like human beings," he said, neglecting to mention that it was a copy, cleverly sprayed with a plastic lacquer to give it a brush stroke appearance.

"Woman in White? I've always loved it," she said quietly, showing no resentment at his presumption of her ignorance. "As a matter of fact, I keep my copy in the bedroom."

Art flushed with pleasure. He had never met anyone who shared his reverence for this particular picture before. Somehow, he felt a bond between them. At the same time, he had exhausted his entire knowledge of the subject so he quickly changed the direction of the conversation.

"Well, now. What can I do for you?" he asked, restraining an impulse to rub his hands together.

She started to speak, but instead stopped and just looked at him. It was one of those long low looks that sent shivers running up and down his spine. Suddenly, she seemed embarrassed, as if she had realized that she was staring.

"I was going to try to tell you a freezer plan," she started slowly. "But, now I... I don't want to sell you anything. It's hard to put into words, but I felt it the moment you opened the door. A kind of warmth and sensitivity that you don't run into very often. I guess I'm just tired of these young idiots whose empathy doesn't go beyond a bust measure—"

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She was a voluptuous saleslady peddling a freezer plan. He was a lonely bachelor with an eye for beauty. Together they clinched a most interesting deal.

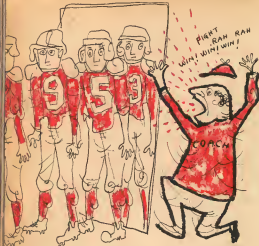
Soft sell

FICTION

BY JAMES KARRAS







THE *SPORTIN'*

The knockout, the touchdown and the home run may be the high points of American games, but they aren't remembered as long as the foul-ups, faux pos and fluffs of the gamemsters!



IT was a dingy tenement on Chicago's South Side, and the newly bereaved widow sat sobbing quietly as her neighbors pooled their meager dollars to provide money for a decent burial. The deceased man's bookie dropped by to add his condolences, and was asked to make a contribution. The bookie, a flint-hearted character, refused point blank.

"But the old lady'll starve," protested the collector, "and she's got five kids to feed."

"Five?" repeated the bookie. "How long had she been married to the bum, anyhow?"

"Fifteen years," was the reply.

"What are you trying to do?" demanded the bookie angrily. "Make a murderer out of me?"

"What do you mean, murderer?" asked the astonished collector.

"Listen," said the bookie, "give a horse player's wife and kids a square meal and it'll kill them on the spot. After fifteen years they're used to starving!"

Macabre story? Even a little "nick," maybe? Yes, but more than any other kind, sports humor is that way.

Consider this scene: it is the dressing room of the Michigan football team before the start of the season's big game. The coach is Fielding "Hurricane" Yost, one of the greatest coaches in history. For twenty-five years he was the genius of the gridiron and the Mark Antony of locker room oratory. His fiery do-or-die pep talks inspired his players to feats of incredible valor.

Now, on this Saturday afternoon, with the Big Ten title at stake, Yost lets out all the stops. He gives the greatest pep talk of his career. The players sit there entranced as Yost wrings his hands and rends the air with pleas and appeals to Michigan tradition. Finally Yost reaches the climax of his talk.

"Now go out that door!" he screams, "go out that door to victory!"

So carried away is Yost by his own oratory, however, that he points to the wrong door. His obedient—nay, hypnotized—players, stirred by emotion and blinded by tears of rage, jump up as the coach is

LIFE

BY SIG MONDECKHEIM

finished and with a wild animal roar stampede through the door to which he had pointed—and right into the swimming pool!

Encumbered as they were in their uniforms, some of the players almost drowned before they were fished out.

The coaches, of course, are especially famous in football, where they can play their violins of tradition to a fare-thee-well without having to share in the bruises. That bull elephant of a fullback can't hurt him, so the coach can't see why anybody else is worried. Take the pre-game pep talk by Coach Bartling of Vanderbilt before his underdog gridders ran out to face a powerful Louisiana State team. "Boys," he said, "I want you to get out there and play relaxed. After all, we have everything to gain and nothing to lose. We can win—if you'll go out there with just one idea in mind—to have fun!"

Midway in the second period halfback Dick Bachman got into the game and promptly ran into a succession of brick walls. In ten minutes his uniform was ragged and muddy, his body a mess of purple and red welts, his face scratched and bloody. In a huddle finally he turned to end Doug Malsberger. "Hey, Doug, you havin' fun up there?" he asked.

"Well, kinda," Doug replied.

"Then let's switch positions," Bachman said, "because it's as serious as hell back here!"

There's nothing funny about the fight game, especially lately, but a true Pagliacci of sports was Max Baer, who died recently of a heart ailment. Though Baer was famous as a boxing clown who scoffed at training and did his roadwork around the nightspots, in truth he was a much troubled man since the day he killed a man in the ring, early in his career. His clown's mask was a thin veneer that hid a genuinely aching heart. But even when he was the butt of one of his own jokes, Max played his part to the hilt.

For example, he was deathly afraid of Joe Louis, and when the time came for his bout against the Brown Bomber, Max had to be almost dragged to the stadium. The sports writers who had been covering the training camps knew that Baer was convinced he was in for a beating, and wondered how he would act in the dressing room as the moment for the main event drew near. Max didn't disappoint the story seekers. When the reporters marched into the dressing room moments before the fight, they found him sitting on the rubbing table in his shorts, his hands taped for the gloves, boxing shoes on his feet—and a cutaway coat and black bow tie over his bare body.


The writers broke into guffaws. "What's with the setup, Max?" asked the New York Mirror's Dan Parker.

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Following the Sirens



All you Sherlocks came on
along with SCAMP on the trail
of those valuptuous and
eager sun-lovers who criss-cross
the nation in their chase
after Old Sal's tarso-tonning
roys. Their tracks lead
from lake shore to seaside and
what a lovely trail it is!

Relaxing in Georgia, Nan Peterson
seeks the sun in a secluded
glode. Non's charm was the first
step along the trail of the
curvaceous sun-warshippers.







Wanda Gág, it became easier the way was getting better.





Who Follow the Sun...

Following the trail to Louisiana, we saw Shelley Arthur's sunny perch.



On the rocks in the Mississippi Hills, we picked up another clue from Karen Calgate.

When Jane Daley was discovered on the dunes of Florida's Miami Beach, it became obvious the trail was getting warm.



Gaye Daye chases the sun to the ol' swimmin' hole down south in Arkansas.





in Los Angeles, we knew the chase was near an end.







When we spied Scodie Hull soaking up sun in her yard in Los Angeles, we knew the chase was near an end.



Getting warmer, the trail led us to Vegas where we found lively Toni Perrow wearing a smile to match the sunshine.

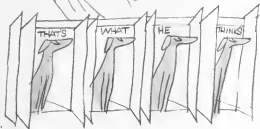


With a little help from the local vigilantes, we picked up the trail of Bev Austin in Texas.

Malibu was trail's end. When we found Lono Dale on the beach there, we knew it had led us to our Moy SCAMP cover siren.



SCAMP GOES TO THE DOGS!



ONE
STUPID!
INS
STEAD OF
BLAH, BLAH..
BLAH
BLAH....

EVERY
DOG
HAS
HIS
DAY!

"LOOKING
FOR A
SURE
THING
IN
THE
4TH
BUD?"

RESULTS	
RACE 4	
WON BY 3	

THE DOG
WHO CAUGHT
THE
RABBIT!

THE
NO STONE-LEFT
UNCOVERED PLAYER

DOGS BEST
FRIEND IS NOT
ALWAYS MAN!

THE 'GOLD-DUST' TWINS...

YOU
CAN
BET
YOUR TEETH
THE "SYSTEM"
IS SURE!

ON THE
INSIDE
TRACK
BIG
KIX
RING
STON
BEEF
TRIX

HALINTS OF A ROUE

FICTION

BY TOM PEASE

THE TWO men faced each other across the desk. "So you want me to lend you money, Pinky," Roger Hutchins was saying. "Well, I don't think I will. I've spent my life earning it away. You've spent yours throwing it away."

"That's true," Pinky said.

"And you've always sneered at me for chasing success — just as you've always scoffed at the things I've studied and come to understand and believe in."

"Never mind, Roger," Pinky said. "If the interest on a loan from you is to become a frightened man in my old age, I don't want the money. And I'm not going to say I believe in a lot of spiritual nonsense to get it."

Roger shook his head. "There are none so blind as those that will not see. Pinky, I've made a study of these things for years. Believe me, the spirit world is very real."

"Hogwash!" Pinky turned to go.

"Wait a minute!" Roger's voice brought him up short. "You need a thousand dollars, right Pinky? Well, I've got a proposition for you. Suppose we make a bet—"

"What kind of a bet?"

"Well, not too far from here, there's a deserted house which has been certified by the Occult Society as harboring genuine spiritual phenomena. If you spend one night in that house without fleeing, I will give you the thousand dollars. If you run away, you'll come back here and come to work for me, helping me prepare reports for the Occult Society. What do you say?"

"It's a bet. But answer me one question, Roger. Assuming for a moment that there are spirits in that house, why should they want to frighten me, to scare me away. What

makes you think they're not benign?"

"It's not a question of benignity. It's just that every man has something in his past which calls forth the vengeance of the spirits. Every man has done something he's ashamed of to somebody. The spirit of such a person will seek you out to settle accounts."

Pinky grinned. "It should be quite a crowd. It's a good thing I don't take any stock in such folderol. If I did, my own mind might conjure up a dozen spirits seeking vengeance."

So it was that two days later Pinky found himself alone in a haunted house. "I feel hackneyed!" he sighed to himself as he leaned back in a moth-eaten Morris chair, "Positively hackneyed! In fact I feel like an old, trite and overworked cliché in human form!"

Pinky closed his eyes. "How many stories have I read in my seventy years of life," he thought, "about men who bet they could stay all night in an allegedly haunted house? And how many comic strips? And how many movies have I seen? And how many anecdotes have I heard? Off hand, I would say that seventy-five hundred was a conservative estimate."

Pinky opened his eyes and looked about him contemptuously. "Great guns!" he exclaimed. "Even the decor is hackneyed! The dim and smoking kerosene lamp casting eerie shadows! The dingy crumbling plaster! The soiled and peeling wallpaper! The dark woodwork punctured by what are presumably pistol shots fired in anger! The rotting floor with its sinister stains of what is presumably the blood of someone

who died a horrible—and of course, hackneyed—death!"

Pinky closed his eyes a second time. "The very sound effects," he continued, "are hackneyed. The mournful sighing of the wind! The melancholy beating of the rain upon the window panes! The creaking of the floors, doors, walls and ceiling! The scampering and squeaking of the rats and mice! Still, a fellow can stand a lot of hackneyed eeriness for a thousand bucks!"

Pinky opened his eyes and looked at his wrist-watch. "The very moment is hackneyed!" he exclaimed. "Now is the very witching hour of night when graveyards yawn and all that rot! But I'm not altogether hackneyed! My hair isn't standing on end. I'm not trembling in every limb. My blood isn't running cold."

Suddenly Pinky became aware of an odor that certainly hadn't been in the air when he came into the room. It was not a hackneyed one. It was nothing like those of mausoleums, rotting corpses, dry bones or even undertaking parlors. It made Pinky think of violets. Yet it wasn't like the odor of the violets in the woods and meadows. Or of the violets in the florists' shops. It was a violet perfume. A particular brand of violet perfume. Then Pinky remembered. It was the particular brand Ronnie used to use.

"I wonder where Ronnie is now," he said aloud.

"I'm here, Pinky, darling. May I come in?" came a voice from beyond the door. It was Ronnie's voice, too. Pinky would have known that gentle, almost childish treble anywhere, even now, after forty years.

"Sure, Ronnie; come in," he said. Then, although Continued p. 88

How many men could face the prospect of half-a-dozen of their mistresses returning from the grove to confront them? Not many, but Pinky was one!









THERE ARE THOSE who get their entertainment at the movies. There are those who seek thrills at night baseball games. There are those who find their kicks at night clubs. And, there are those who think the greatest thing of all is just to stay at home—like Peggy Gordon. Not that Peggy doesn't like the silver screen and the klieg-lit diamond; she does. And not that she has anything against niteries; she doesn't. Actually, she makes her living—and a darned good one at that—working as a dancer in niteries shows. No, she has nothing against going out for entertainment, it's just that the opportunity to spend an evening at home by herself is so rare that it's a real treat to Peggy. Between doing her specialty number into the wee hours at such plush spots as El Rancho Vegas and juggling a social life that features more eager beaus than any one girl can handle without losing some of the hours reserved for sleep, Peggy doesn't really have much time to enjoy home life. This state of affairs, to a girl who likes such things as cooking her own meals, periodically rearranging the furniture in her flat and sewing clothes to fill out her wardrobe, can prove frustrating. So, Peggy decided to do something about it. She set aside one complete day and evening for nothing but being a homebody. All of which leads to the assertion that it would be difficult indeed to find anybody nicer to come home to!

Homebody

Peggy Gordon proves that the prettiest girls are often found at home!



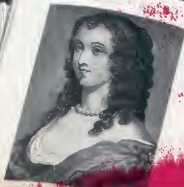




The Kiss-

The eye of the King was caught by this belle.
The fate of the nation hung on her spell.
Unjust her revenge—depraved prison Hell!
But sweet her revenge—hist'ry's first 'Kiss'-it'-tel!

NEW HARLOTS have carved the scarlet letter of their careers on the scroll of history so brazenly as Aphra Behn, Mistress to a King, courtesan who added her favors for the military secrets of a nation, betrayed, concubine who swapped these same favors for crusts of bread in the fifth of a debtors' prison—these were only some of the sins with which she titillated the world and hewed herself a permanent niche as England's first lady of scarlet letters. To us today the books, plays and memoirs she penned as the record of her passions are regarded as pornography. At the time she wrote them, when no Englishwoman had ever



Tony Stark

and-Tell Spy

BY DAN JULIUS

dared to write at all—let alone record such startling confessions as Aphra did—she was looked upon as the epitome of the fallen woman. Yet even while they were passing moral judgments, her contemporaries were fascinated by Aphra's life.

It was a life which began in Wye, England, in the year 1640. Her father was John Johnson, a barber, and while Aphra was still an infant, he moved his family to Surinam, then a part of British Guiana. Here Aphra grew to young womanhood.

Here also, during her 16th year, Aphra met Prince Oroonoko, son of an African tribal king named Coramantien. He had been sold into slavery by a treacherous relative and later shipped to Surinam.

Aphra was much smitten by the slave-king prince. He was hopelessly in love with a slave-girl in Surinam, but this didn't keep him from becoming the first of Aphra's many lovers. It was an unusual relationship, for Aphra seems to have spent more time prying into the details of his doomed romance than to their own affair. In later years she wrote a novel, "Oroonoko, The Royal Slave," about her paramour. The book relates the details of his unfulfilled passion for Imoinda, as the slave-girl was called, but doesn't even mention his dalliance with Aphra.

At any rate, the interlude with Oroonoko came to an end shortly after Aphra's 18th birthday when Surinam became a Dutch possession. She and her mother—her father had died—returned to England. Here, two years later, she married a merchant of Dutch extraction named Behn.

Her husband was recognized as a man of means and shortly after their marriage Aphra was presented at the court of Charles II. At this time, Aphra has been described as "verily faire of form and face, albeit small in stature" and "possessed of bosom-

ly largesse and blest with other womanly attributes such-like flowing ebon hair, etc., which most attract man." It's easy to see how the interest of King Charles—one of the foremost roués in history—would be roused by Aphra.

The first hint she had of his interest was a message summoning her to the palace on a day when her husband was away on a business trip. Within moments after her arrival, Charles had made his intentions plain.

From all accounts—Aphra's own and others—no pressures were put upon her to become the mistress of the King. She entered into the relationship willingly, becoming a fairly regular backstairs visitor at the palace. However, she was merely a plaything to Charles and never attained the stature of royal mistresses like Madame DuBarry and Nell Gwynne.

She did, however, introduce one practice to King Charles' court which gave her as much notoriety among insiders in her time as DuBarry and Nell claimed in theirs. This was her penchant for inviting friends—both male and female—to come and chat with her while she bathed. Such semi-public ablutions hadn't been seen since the declining days of the Roman Empire.

Aphra held court, as it were, in the tub which Charles had installed in the quarters she used when she was at the palace. There were whispers that the two of them shared the tub as they did the boudoir, but if they did, it was in privacy. However, Aphra's hospitality among the soapuds—even if it was not accepted by her mother—was extended to lesser nobles. This, as might have been expected, got her into trouble.

It seems that Charles wandered in on her one day to find that she had made male company in the soapuds. Perhaps it had started out as a mere extended courtesy of back-scrubbing,

but when Charles walked in, the scene which greeted him could hardly be ascribed to over-zealous hygiene. The King took umbrage.

"Vartot!" he shouted, grasping a sword which was hanging as a decoration on the wall and striding determinedly towards the man in the tub. Unfortunately, the royal feet skidded on a puddle of soapuds. Charles shot across the floor, hitting the tub as though he'd been fired from a cannon. His rival was just trying to climb out in an effort to escape the royal wrath. This, combined with Charles' impact, caused the tub to overturn and Aphra, Charles and the man she'd been dallying with all sprawled on the floor in a mess of sudsy water.

"My," said Aphra calmly, "I think someone dropped the soap."

The remark appealed to Charles' sense of humor. He abandoned his attempts to skewer the other man, threw back his head and roared with laughter. "Dammie!" he said when he had recovered his breath. "Is there another woman in all London—nay, in all the world—with the presence of mind to make such a statement in such a situation?"

Aphra did indeed have aplomb. She managed her entire affair with Charles without her husband ever finding her out. And if she'd had any worries about his discovering her secret, they were relieved when he suddenly—and conveniently—died in 1668. Unfortunately, Charles' interest in Aphra died around the same time.

To her shock, her husband's estate proved practically valueless. The recently strained relations between England and Holland had caused him serious business setbacks. At the age of 26, Aphra found herself penniless and alone.

It was natural that she should approach Charles for help. But the King had wearied of her and looked upon

Continued on next page

THE KISS-AND-TELL SPY cont.

her entreaties for help as a breach of good manners. Finally, more to rid himself of her than anything else, he made her a proposition.

England was trying to set up a spy network in Holland. Woman spies were particularly needed because of their ability to engage in love affairs with important men and thereby ferret out military secrets. Would Aphra, beautiful, clever and experienced in the ways of love, undertake such work?

Aphra, alone, penniless and experienced in the pangs of hunger, certainly would. She left for Holland the next day.

Shortly after she arrived in Antwerp, then part of the Netherlands kingdom, war between England and Holland broke out. Aphra went right to work. Signing her reports "Astrea," she immediately began sending information to London.

She obtained this information by seducing her way up the ladder of the Dutch military hierarchy. She made love to Majors, Colonels, Generals—and moved on to the Admirals of the Navy. And she paid particular amorous attention to those civilian officials who really determined the policies of the armed services.

In the latter group fell one Van der Aalbert who supplied Aphra with the most important data she was to pass on to London. This was the complete Dutch master-plan, down to the smallest detail, for destroying the English Navy. The Dutch planned to sail boldly up the Thames and destroy the British ships at their docks.

Thanks to Aphra, the exact timing and procedure of this attack were known to the British a week before it actually took place. Yet, for some reason which historians have never been able to discover, they failed to act on it. The Dutch attack went off as planned and was an overwhelming success.

Despite this, Aphra continued her activities as a spy and vamp. And, like the proverbial busman on holiday, she became involved in a passionate affair with another British agent whom she knew only as Scott. Unlike her other affairs, Aphra

treated this one with reticence to the end of her days. For this reason, her biographers look upon it as her one genuine love—and also for this reason, not much is known about it, excepting that it had ended before the onset of Aphra's period of desperate financial trouble.

This came about while she was still serving the British in Antwerp. Shortly after the Dutch naval victory she had forecast, she wrote to London and requested funds with which to continue her activities as a spy. Her letter was ignored. Again and again she pleaded for money and each time received no answer. Finally she wrote to the foreign minister, Lord Arlington, informing him that she was deep in debt, that she had pawned her jewelry for room and board and that she would soon be forced to sell the clothes off her back. Lord Arlington did not deign to reply.

Desperate, Aphra wrote to a former lover, a Mr. Butler, requesting a loan. He sent her 150 pounds and she returned to London. It was early in 1667 and the city, laid waste by fire and plague, was much changed from when she'd left. Its people, taxed beyond endurance to support the war against the Netherlands, were being sentenced in droves to debtors' prisons.

This was the fate which now faced Aphra. Unable to collect payment for her services as a spy, she now also found herself being dunned by Butler for the return of the money he'd loaned her. When, despite his threats and bullying, she couldn't repay him, her one-time paramour had Aphra thrown into jail.

The prisons of this time were vermin-infested, filth-encrusted, lightless holes in the ground. The jailers were sadistic brutes, little better (and often far worse) than the lowest of the criminals they guarded. They profited greatly by the vice which ran rampant in the cells.

These cells each held thirty to forty people of both sexes, and sexual promiscuity was common—what other sport did the poor devils have? Fights were frequent and gambling

for crusts of bread and cherished keepsakes went on from dawn to dawn. Whiskey and other luxuries were available to the murderers and cut-purses who made up the upper strata of society in the jail by reason of having the material wealth those imprisoned for debt lacked.

It might have been expected that a fragile creature like Aphra, used to the appurtenances of being a lady, would be unable to cope with such a crude environment. However, the contrary proved the case. Aphra took to prison life like a duck to water.

Indeed, she took to the life with relish, displaying a streak of coarseness comparable to the most degraded street-bawd. Her first act was to establish a liaison with one of the head jailers. In return for her favors, he saw to it that Aphra got some cheese and an occasional piece of meat with her bread and that she was provided with a comfortable pad for him to share.

Nor did she limit herself to this one affair. She soon learned which of her fellow prisoners was kinkin' and set about seducing him. He was a burly highwayman with a coarse, black beard and a slow, rumbling voice and was known as Albert Crawes, or Black Albie. From him she learned the intricacies of dice and card playing which enabled her to supply herself with yet more creature comforts.

It flattered the prison males to have notice taken of them by such an obvious lady who outside the prison walls would have been many classes of society above them. More surprising is the fact that she was a favorite among her fellow woman prisoners. Far from arousing their jealousy, she was so liked by them that when she was finally discharged, they crowded around her with tears in their eyes and urged her to be sure to go into debt again quickly so that she might rejoin them.

Exactly how her release from prison came about is not known. It is said that friends brought pressure to bear on King Charles for her discharge. It is also *Continued p. 86*



WHO?

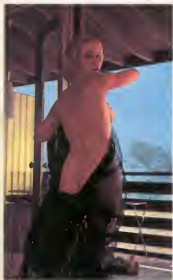
All women are mysterious; it's the greatest part of their charm. Same, it's true, might merely be covering up some defect, calling attention to a voluptuous frame while at the same time covering up an attractive face. Is that the case with this secretive siren? Why not turn the page and find out for yourself?













SANDRA Grant—that's who. Blonde—5'4"—115 pounds—blue eyes—born and raised in Los Angeles—high school graduate—two years of college—currently works as a model—takes acting and dancing lessons—ambition to become a success in show business—favorite actress: Deborah Kerr—favorite actor: Ben Gazzara—favorite recent film: "Anatomy of a Murder"—all-time favorite film: "City Light"—likes: swimming, tennis and softball; roast turkey, potato pie and gooey desserts; men who are tall, athletic and polite—dislikes: cold weather sports,

most card games (they bore her) and horse racing (she doesn't gamble); heavily seasoned dishes, most seafood and anything fried in deep fat; men who are wolves, weaklings, bores, or bores—prefers: classical music to jazz, dramas to musicals and musicals to comedies, summer to winter, casual clothes to formal dress, and frankness (which she practices) to bragging (which she absolutely detests)—reads good fiction and history, but never historical novels (she questions their accuracy)—Who? Sandra Grant—that's who! ●

SILVER FROLICS

PARIS

EXPENSE REPORT

[illegible]

period From 2/15 10

MAIL YOUR REPORT SATURDAY FOR CHECK TO BE ISSUED ON TUESDAY

DATE	FILE NO.	AUTO NO.	BRIDGE TOLL	TAXI	ST. FEE

Per Period From		To		DATE		PERIOD		TOTAL	
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TRANSPORTATION				15.74	15.74	15.74	15.74	15.74	15.74
MILES				350	350	350	350	350	350
LOCAL TRAFFIC				14.55	14.55	14.55	14.55	14.55	14.55
FOOD				18.00	18.00	18.00	18.00	18.00	18.00
TOTAL				48.29	48.29	48.29	48.29	48.29	48.29
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2/15 - 2/22

Home office.

2/15 - 2/22 Home office

In consideration of the payment of expenses paid and/or amounts secret.

Dated --- 2/27

22 Home Office

Approved by _____

6.2 mark

10

HOW TO PAD A SWINDLE SHEET

BY STEVE DICKSON

THE SALESMAN crouched over his desk, nibbling nervously on his pencil-eraser and muttering to himself. At first glance, one might have thought he was giving his all to the ramifications of a really important sales contract. He wasn't. What he was doing was making out his weekly expense voucher, a chore—and anybody who's ever done it will testify to this—which often requires the imagination of a Dostoevsky, the mathematical know-how of an Einstein and the memory of an elephant.

Still, to someone unacquainted with the difficulties involved in padding a swindle sheet and making it look logical, what the salesman was doing would have seemed simple enough. He merely made a list, as follows:

2/20/60—Entertaining Mr. Haggle of Bicker, Swindleson & Haggle.
Cabfare—\$5.20
Cocktails—\$14.35
Steak Dinner—\$16.50
Sousier-Tickets to "Gypsy"—\$35.00
Latin Quarter—\$31.75
Total: \$102.80

Simple? Sure, except that it takes an experienced

observer of expense accounts to translate the voucher. Five-twenty for cabfare for instance; actually, he took a bus. Total fare—80 cents. Cocktails, \$14.35? Really four bottles of beer—\$1.40. As far as the rest is concerned, the steak dinner was really hamburgers, the Broadway show a second-run movie and the night club a beatnik bistro where the most expensive beverage served is espresso coffee. And Mr. Haggle, of Bicker, Swindleson & Haggle, is really a blonde named Myrtle of Bushwick Avenue, Eddie's Eatery and Roseland.

There are those who might say that the salesman sweating over his expense account was being dishonest. Technically, they might be right, but in the world of common business practice, he was merely following the ever-flowering tradition of men who work on expense accounts. These men aren't always being dishonest. In many cases there is a tacit understanding between them and those who employ them regarding the inflation of their weekly vouchers. Sometimes, a healthy expense account stands in lieu of a healthy salary.

Many firms (but not all, by a long shot) never question expense accounts for the simple reason that if such money was diverted into profits, it might cost them more in taxes. The Excess Profits Tax, which often finds Uncle Sam swallowing as much as 82% of a company's

Continued on next page

Not many men can make ends meet on their salaries, but the expense account conniver can live it up like an Oriental potentate and still have enough left over to meet the household bills!

HOW TO PAD A SWINDLE SHEET continued

profits, has resulted in a corporate wink at expense account excesses. Also, in many cases, this is the only way a firm can hold onto its top executives. These boys don't want salaries in the top tax brackets; they much prefer *carte-blanche* on their expenses. They virtually live out of the company till and their salaries are merely a pleasant addition to expense account funds.

But the vast majority of men who work on expense accounts are not upper echelon executives. They are business representatives of all kinds, salesmen, buyers, contact men, publicity and public relations men, insurance agents, product demonstrators, even messenger boys. And these are only some who play the voucher game. Today almost everybody connected with a white-collar operation—and many who aren't—account for their business expenses with vouchers.

And the voucher game, like most other games, has certain rules. First of all, the employee traveling on a swindle-sheet never walks, takes busses or subways, or journeys by train. He takes taxis (is a fabulous tipper) and travels by air on longer jaunts—for the record, that is. He may have spent the night in a flop-house, or at his Aunt Martha's, but it always goes down on the swindle-sheet as a suite at the most expensive hotel in town.

Perhaps he has a hot dog, an orange drink and an Alka Seltzer chaser for dinner, but he conquers his heartburn to pencil in the name of the most expensive restaurant in town on the gyp sheet. When he buys gifts for clients, the price is automatically doubled and should somebody else pick up the tab in a restaurant, it goes on his expense account nevertheless. Sometimes he may even be taking his wife out to dinner, but she'll still appear on the swindle-sheet as Mr. Haggie.

This business of who grabs the dinner check can have pitfalls for the gyp-sheet Johnny. On one occasion four Madison Ave. space salesmen from different agencies met for dinner at an inexpensive eatery. Each paid his own way and the next day, as they had agreed, each put in a voucher for dinner for four at a famous and expensive mid-Manhattan restaurant. Each had some fast

explaining to do when the evening papers carried the story that the plush restaurant had burned to the ground the night before.

It's always wise to check the facts before entering an item on the expense account. One salesman for a small plumbing company learned this the hard way. An hour or so after he submitted his expense account, he was summoned to his employer's office:

"You took Frank Flush out to dinner last Wednesday night, eh?" asked the boss.

"Yes," admitted the salesman.

"Think he'll sign with us?"

"Well, I don't know, J. P. He's a tough nut to crack. But I'm giving it everything I've got."

"You mean everything I've got," the boss replied pleasantly. "Steaks at the Chambord, champagne at El Morocco—must have been quite a night."

"It sure was, J. P. I'm still explaining it to my wife. You know how women are. She just doesn't understand about business."

"Yes . . . women can be difficult. So she's still giving you a rough time about last Wednesday night, eh?"

"Yes."

"It was Wednesday, wasn't it?"

"Sure, J. P. Why do you ask?"

"Because last Wednesday night I was having dinner with Frank Flush myself—at the Chambord, curiously enough, and I didn't see you anywhere around. I can't imagine how we missed each other."

The rest of that interview is too painful to record here, but it does serve to point up the importance of double-checking before recording 'entertainment' expenses. Some swindle-sheet manipulators find the formation of partnerships advantageous. Such arrangements work this way:

Press agent Harold Hungry calls public relations representative Edgar Eager on the phone and says, "Eddie, I took you to dinner at Luigi's twice last week to discuss the tie-in campaign on Stuttering Sam and Sloppy Soap."

"Sure," Eddie replies, "and I'm putting you down for three cocktail sessions on Sloppy Soap plugs over the 'Do You Beat Your Wife' show. Incidentally, just to keep the boss happy, how about a plug?"

"Sorry, Eddie, we're dickering with 'Destructive Detergent' to sponsor the program and that would queer the deal. Anyway, that puts you one item up on me. Suppose I put you down for lunch at Lindy's to even things out?"

"Be my guest."

"I am—and you're mine, too."

Such hospitality, at their respective bosses' expense, is all a part of the swindle-sheet partnership. It rests, obviously, on the fact, that should such lunches, dinners, or cocktail sessions ever come up in casual conversation with other members of their firms, each will be like a gyp-sheet trooper for the other. It takes nerve to carry this off nonchalantly, but then without nerve, a man should never put pencil to voucher pad anyway.

Just how much nerve is perhaps best demonstrated by an incident involving a truly talented voucher virtuoso. For years this fellow had been padding his expense accounts and what with the rising cost of living, he had grown progressively more daring. It was a poor week indeed when his 'expenses' didn't well exceed his paycheck. His boss was no fool, but he put up with this because of the man's qualities as a worker and value to the business. One day, though, he thought the employee had gone too far. He called him into his office.

"Johnny," he said mildly, "I think you've made a mistake on this voucher. You'd better figure it again."

Johnny took the voucher without comment and went back to his desk. An hour later he strolled back into the boss's office. "You were right, A. R.," he told him. "I really did goof that voucher. I don't know how I could have made such a mistake."

The boss beamed and took the revamped voucher from him. One look at it wiped the smile from his face. The "mistake" Johnny had corrected was costing him an additional \$33.75!

Johnny had correctly figured that the best way to squelch any doubts about the authenticity of his expense claims was to brazen the situation out. His boss might have fired him—but if he didn't, it was sure he wouldn't ask him to correct any more vouchers. As we said, to play the swindle-sheet. *Continued p. 66*



"Number sixteen?"







TRADITIONALLY, Saturday night is bath-time. The custom stems from the early days of America when bathing was strictly a once-a-week procedure. In those days, the Saturday night bath was quite a production. Just about every vessel in the house was filled with water to be heated and the entire family bathed in shifts. Often it started at twilight and lasted throughout the entire evening. The custom has carried over to today, with certain modifications and changes. Bathing today is a three or four times a week activity for most people, with early Saturday evening still being a favored time, however. This, in the case of single girls, is because Saturday night is date-night and every young lovely wants to look her scrubbed and coiffed best for the evening. She doesn't have to heat the water on the stove to do this; it comes piping hot from the faucet. Following advances like this was the advent of the stall shower, which turned Saturday eve from bath-time to shower-time for many girls in a hurry to meet their dates. One such is Jeani Mack, the beauty pictured on these pages. Jeani finds that after a Saturday modeling assignment nothing refreshes like a hot shower. It's the beginning of her Saturday night fun. It's her time for ablutions. ●

A TIME FOR ABLUTIONS

The best time of the week for lithe
 Jeani Mack comes during the twilight
 hours of Saturday evening. That's
 when she relaxes with a hot shower,
 washes away her cares and gets
 in the mood for Saturday night fun!













Before performing her ablutions, Jeani stretches out on her bed and takes a short snooze. When she gets up, she does exercises to keep herself trim.







The decor of Jeoni's bathroom is a far cry from the bathing arrangements of yore. In the early days of the Saturday night bath, a large wooden tub was usually hauled into the kitchen to be near water heating on the stove.



After her shower, Jeoni towels herself and daydreams a moment over the fun she's sure to have that evening. To her, Saturday night is the loveliest night in the week.



CURE FOR ADULTERY

BY MARGARET, Queen of Navarre (1492-1549)

Being an age-old legend of a husband who
strays and containing a truly wandrous plan for
the unfortunate wife of such a man in
any age, including the present!



THERE was at Tours a beautiful bourgeoisie, who for her virtues, was not only adored but feared by her spouse. However, as husbands are frail, hers fell in love with one of his female peasants. He used frequently to go from Tours to see her, always remaining there two or three days, and always came back so hurried that his poor wife had trouble restoring him to good spirits again. But no sooner was he himself once more, than back he would go to his mistress, where pleasure made him forget all his ailments.

His wife, who loved his life and health above all things, seeing him always return so poorly, went to the fields, where she found the young girl whom her husband loved. The wife then said to her, not angrily but in the gentlest manner possible, that she knew her husband often visited her but was sorry she treated him so badly as invariably to send him home ill. The poor woman, constrained by respect for her mistress and by the power of truth, had not courage to deny the fact, and besought pardon. The lady of Touraine requested to see the room and the bed in which her husband slept. The

room struck her as so cold and dirty that she sent straightway for a good bed, fine blankets, sheets, and such after her husband's liking. She had the room made clean and neat and hung curtains, gave the woman a handsome service of plate, a bottle of good wine, sweetmeats, and confections, and begged her for the future not to send her husband back to her in so broken-down a condition.

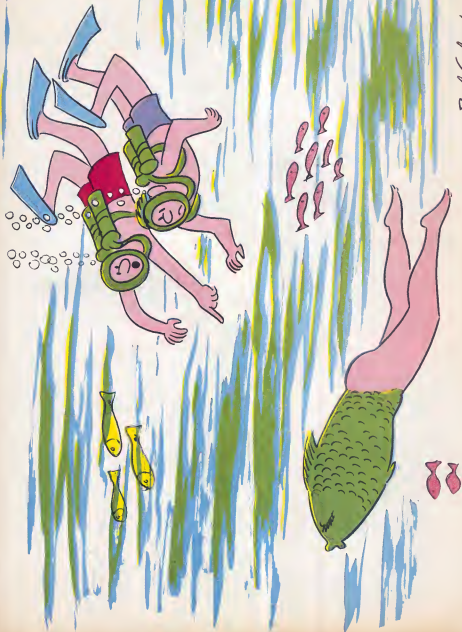
After which gentle pleading, the wife did return to her home and there did meditate on the whys and wherefores which were causing her beloved spouse to stray. Verily, she did search her soul for that which she should have done and did not do and for that which she did do and should not have done. There were nights she reproached herself for when perhaps she had not served him a dinner as warm and appetizing as it might have been; there were nights when she had turned away his favors out of weariness, or lack of desire; there were days when she had been slow to spread balm over the fevers of his discontent. All of this she reproached herself for and did vow that hereafter she would improve in her relations with

him and be in all ways a better wife. Then, she reasoned, he would have no reason to seek out another woman and bring unto himself sickness.

It was not long before the husband went to see the girl as usual. Great was his surprise to find the room become so neat, but still greater was it when she gave him a silver goblet to drink out of. He asked her where it came from, and the poor woman told him with tears that it was his wife who, pitying his poor entertainment, had thus furnished the house, enjoining her to be careful of his health. Struck by the great goodness of his wife, who thus returned such good for such evil, the gentleman reproached himself for ingratitude as great as his wife's generosity. He gave his mistress money, begged her thenceforth to live like an honest woman, and went back to his good wife. He confessed the whole truth to her, and told her that her gentle and good acts had withdrawn him from an evil course, from which it was impossible he should ever have escaped by any other means; and forgetting the past, they lived ever after in peace and love. She was a wise woman. ●

Bob Schurter

"Now do you believe me?"



"GO WEST, JEUNE FILLE!"











Neither time (a hundred years after the
advice was originally issued) nor sex difference
(It had, after all, been aimed at moles)
nor nationality (and intended solely for American

moles) kept Jeanne Lussier (20th Century French female) from following the advice of wise,



old Horace Greeley to "Go West,
young man!" Jeanne, sure that the
venerable Horace would have
updated his advice were he around in
1960, didn't hesitate to leave
her native Paris and seek fame and a
suspicion of fortune in America's
California. This jeune fille stopped









off in an abandoned ghost town
just short of Hollywood and found a
real thrill in investigating the
old dwellings and the dance halls the
gold-miners of yore used to visit.
She donned a sunbonnet, made a move,
and did a few dance steps quite
reminiscent of the Olden West. Still,
Pioneer Days were never like this!





"It's going to cost you more than a penny for that wish, Mr. Green."



THE FAKE WHO TOOK

BY PENNY SPRINGER

THEY WERE highly weird stories the young man was telling to a national television audience, about the strange golf courses in remote corners of the world where he had pursued the sport. Speaking in a strong Italian accent, he dwelt on the perils of one course he had played in, Tanganyika, Africa.

"The course is located on the side of Mt. Kilimanjaro," he declared, "and every hole is either straight up—or straight down. It is full of . . . er . . . how you say . . . hazards . . . like lions, tigers and hyenas."

When someone interrupted to ask if the other players didn't find this pretty dangerous, the speaker seared him with a glance. "Of course it is dangerous," he pointed out, "but the other players do not object, because they are lions, tigers and hyenas themselves."

"I did not do so badly on that Tanganyika course," the young man reminisces, "I shot a 78—and four Mau Maus."

Now, all this may sound pretty silly when you see it in print, but the young man with the wavy hair, the horn-rimmed glasses and the serio-comic appearance of a student, spoke so sincerely, with such a deep sense of conviction, that viewers of the Jack Paar show, on which he was appearing, were more than half-convinced that he was what he was represented to be—Signor Guido Panzini, an Italian golf professional on a visit to the United States.

Responding to leading questions asked by Paar, Panzini revealed other aspects of what sounded like a fabulously colorful life for one so young. He had been in the Italian submarine service, for one thing;

for another, he had been an active member of an international spy ring.

"How is it that you speak such good English?" Paar asked, for it was true that while Panzini had a strong accent, his choice of words and his use of the vernacular seemed extraordinary for a foreigner.

"In the Italian submarine I am assigned to," Guido answered without hesitation, "we use to come up close to the American battleship when she is anchored in a harbor. I sit for hours by the periscope, watching the American sailors on deck while they . . . the American movie. I see the movies, too, and I read lips of the actors, so that quick as a flash I can speak the American tongue."

After the initial appearance of Guido Panzini on the Paar show, letters and phone calls poured in, demanding that he make a return visit. Typical of the letters induced by the sprightly Italian was one that said: "I have a sneaking suspicion that this man is a terrible liar, but his lies are so funny I'd like to hear more of them."

Soon Panzini became a regular on Paar's late show. In all, he was a guest more than 40 times, something of a record. As his stories became more fantastic, his viewers became more gullible.

But the climax in gullibility came when the Paar office got a telephone call from the U.S. Immigration Service. "We want to talk to this man Panzini," said the bureaucrat at the other end. "We've been checking the records down here and we can't find any report anywhere on his port of entry."

It was then that the truth about Guido Panzini came out. He was actually Pat Harrington Jr., a tele-

vision time salesman for NBC-TV. And he was a Bronx boy who had never been any nearer Italy than the Brooklyn Navy Yard. His rich Italian dialect was entirely simulated, and while he happened to be a pretty good golfer, he was a far cry from being a professional.

Paar, the Immigration Service, and, as far as that goes, the television audience as well, had no cause to be ashamed of being taken in by the glib Mr. Harrington. He had been kidding some of the most hip members of the Toots-Shor-Madison-Avenue-Show-Business crowd for years. They had been taken in by him as thoroughly as anyone else.

Harrington is the son of an old-time comic who was a bright figure in two of the most fantastic of all New York's Prohibition Era nightclubs, the Ha Ha and the old Club 21. Together with the late Jack White, one of the greatest "comedians' comedian" of them all, they used to tie the speakeasy audiences in knots with their zany performances. They were occasionally abetted in their insanity by a brash kid named Jackie Gleason, who worked "hot coffee and" just to be around such greats as White and Harrington.

As an advertising salesman, young Pat found his natural gift for dialects and an inherited sense of humor of tremendous value. He would entertain potential clients by the hour with his rapid impersonations and vivid stories, team out of a conjured-up past.

It was not long before he had built up a reputation as a professional clown and soon he was in great demand as a participant in the wild practical jokes that advertising men adore playing on one another.

One day, he and a confederate were having lunch. Combined p. 80

PAAR FOR THE COURSE



As on Italian submarine
officer, he had learned how to
speak English by
reading the lips of
American sailors
while watching them
through the sub's
periscopes. As a golf
pro, playing the
Tanganyika course,
he shot a 78 and
four Mou-Mous. Was he for real?





The Eyes Have It!

"Allure," the late movie magnate Cecil B. DeMille once said, "is nine-tenths eye-lure." He went on to add that costing a sexy orb was the greatest quality any would-be star could have. Here SCAMP presents the tops in eye-peel for 1960!

Opening her baby-blues in amazement has gained many an eyeful stardom. Eve Bruce shows method.



The sultry, over-the-shoulder look was the hallmark of early cinema glamor queens like Marlene Dietrich and Jean Harlow. Here Carol Burns demonstrates the look.











Soulful, far-away appeal as expressed by eyes brought stardom to Greta Garbo. Dee Dee Condit sets mood perfectly.



The inquisitive look, the pout and a minimum of clothes made Brigitte Bardot popular in U.S. Here Nancy Owen mimics French eye-peel.

Kelly Lewis demonstrates bold look which began with Cleopatra and has been brought up to date by Monroe and Mansfield.











Leta Dawn (above) imitates sympathetic eye appeal which won audience approval for actresses like Joan Crawford, while Athena apes eye antics of Lupe Velez.



DeMille popularized the bathtub look with the help of Claudette Colbert. Brit L'Etoile gives modern version.

The mystery that is woman
was what DeMille wanted stars
to express with their eyes.
Ann Austin succeeds.



THE SPORTIN' LIFE

(Continued from page 23)

Max raised his eyebrows slightly, as though surprised at the necessity for the question. "You expect me to dress like a slob for my own funeral?" he replied loftily.

If you had to pick a baseball counterpart for Baer, the role would go to Yogi Berra of the Yankees.

The classic Berra story has it that early in Yogi's days with the Yankees manager Casey Stengel tried to teach him to avoid hitting at bad balls (fortunately for the Yankees Stengel never quite succeeded; Yogi is still one of the most dangerous bad ball hitters in the game).

"Study," Casey used to advise Berra. "Study the pitchers all the time. Watch what they're throwin'. Figure out what they're tryin' to do."

Stengel repeated this lecture before a game with the Indians one day. As Yogi rose in the first inning to go to bat, Stengel threw advice at him again. "Remember! Think!" he yelled.

Berra nodded, strode to the plate, and struck out on the first three pitches. As he growled his way disgustedly back to the dugout, he was overheard to say, "How do they expect me to think and swing at the same time?"

Yes, baseball is filled with whacky moments. Consider Merkel losing a league championship game by forgetting to touch second base; outfielder Babe Herman of the Daffy Dodgers betting that he could play a whole season without getting hit on the head by a fly ball—and losing the bet; Dixie Dean, Pepper Martin and the St. Louis Cardinal Gas House Gang...

One of the greatest of Gas House Gang kidders was manager Frankie Frisch, who not only feuded with half the players in the National League, but with three-quarters of the umpires. His greatest nemesis in blue was Bill Klem, and the two men showed each other no mercy through all their years in the league. One day, during a particularly steaming week in muggy St. Louis, Klem called a Cardinal player "out" on a close play. Bellowing like a bull, Frisch ran out from the dugout toward the umpire, then suddenly collapsed from the heat. As Frank lay there unconscious, Klem strolled over to him calmly and looked down. "Frisch," he announced for all to hear, "dead or alive—you're out of the game!"

Sports officials are always popular as villains, knaves and clowns. Red Friesell, one of the most popular of football referees, was once officiating at a game between the guards and convicts of Sing Sing. Late in the game the star of the convict eleven, a murderer serving a life

sentence, broke away in a scrimmage and ran seventy-five yards toward what appeared to be a touchdown. Friesell, running with the play as best he could, blew the whistle when he thought the lifer had reached the goal line. By instinct the murderer stopped as soon as he heard the whistle—ten yards short of the goal line—and was quickly tackled.

Friesell was crestfallen. "I'm sorry," he apologized to the lifer. "I never should have made such a mistake."

The lifer looked at Friesell and smiled wistfully. "Don't let it get you," he said, "all of us here have made mistakes."

Among football stories, the classic of course is the one about the guy that ran the wrong way for a touchdown—and everybody's heard that one. But how about the referee that ran for a touchdown?

It really happened this way:

The referee during a Michigan-Iowa State game many years ago was Warren Giles, who later became president of the National League of baseball. On a long pass play Giles, racing toward the goal line with the offensive end and the defensive halfback found himself outrunning the two of them. Then the pass came—far over the head of the Michigan end, and right toward Giles. The official, realizing that the ball couldn't be caught (besides, Michigan was leading, 34-0) gathered it in his arms and, to the cheers and laughter of the crowd, blithely raced over the goal line.

After the game the football writers asked Giles whatever possessed him to pull such a stunt.

"I'll tell you," Giles said. "I played football for three years in high school and three more years in college and I never scored a point. So," he shrugged, "I just couldn't resist the opportunity."

THE FAKE WHO TOOK PAAR

(Continued from page 54)

with the head of a big advertising agency, Harrington put on an Italian accent (this was the ancestor of Guido Panzini) and posed as a big Italian dairy executive. He said he was looking for an American advertising agency to handle his account, as he was planning to export "buckets" of cheese to the U.S. The ad man bit big; he was even bidding on the account. Not until Harrington said he'd have to pay his bills with cheese for about a year did the ad man smell a rat, and realize he was being kidded. The joke paid off for Harrington; it made the ad man a friend and he bought time.

The clergy are well known for their interest in sports, of course. Bishop Pike used to tell the story of himself as a young priest, learning to play golf, often preparing sermons as he strolled calmly around the course. One day he had a new caddy who apparently was used to a more earthy clientele. At each hole the young priest would raise a shower of divots and wind up four-putting, then would murmur a simple, "Tut-tut," as he marked an eight or nine on his card after each debacle.

At the end of nine holes the caddy could restrain himself no longer. "Sir," he said, "you'll never in a million years learn golf with those words."

Only the manufacturers of golf equipment can say how much of a business shot in the arm they get from golf playing President Eisenhower. It's for sure that Ike's golf playing, however has caused a rash of such jokes as... "I don't care what you're president of, get your blankety-blank-blank golf balls off my lawn."

Herbert Hoover was another butt of many a sports joke concerning presidents. In 1931, during the depths of the depression, Babe Ruth was haggling with Yankee owner Jake Ruppert over salary. The beer tycoon was trying to cut down the Babe's \$30,000 a year take, and Ruth was having none of it. When the shrewd Colonel pointed out that even with a cut, Babe would be making more than Herbert Hoover, the President of the United States, Ruth just looked at him and sneered sarcastically.

"What the hell has Hoover got to do with it?" he said. "Besides, I had a better year than the President did last year."

He did too, which is why in the sportin' life a man would rather be right-felder than president!



Perhaps the fraud which Harrington looks back on with the most satisfaction was one he pulled on an NBC executive. This man had gone off on vacation to a swanky Southern resort hotel. Just after he checked in, Harrington (this time using a Southern accent) called him.

"Is this Mr. Jones?" he asked. (Jones, of course, isn't the real name of this NBC man).

"Yes, I'm Mr. Jones."

"Well, this is Foster of the FBI. I'm afraid we're in a bit of trouble, Mr. Jones."

"Oh, what's the difficulty?"

"Well, Mr. Jones, I'm afraid you

were inadvertently given the suite which was being held for Mr. Eisenhower. The President is coming down this afternoon to shoot a little golf, and somehow you got the suite he had reserved."

"Oh, well, of course I'll move," said the NBC executive.

"That won't be necessary, Mr. Jones. We've checked you through our files, and you are a good security risk. It's only for one night, and the President will share the room with you."

(Harrington says at this point the NBC man was still biting, but the NBC man insists he caught on right then.)

"That will indeed be an honor," said the executive.

"Of course," said the phony FBI agent, "we'll have to take certain security measures."

"Of course."

"Yes. We'll have to have a few agents close by. In fact, would you mind sharing your bed with one—he's a very decent fellow, doesn't snore or kick."

Well, the NBC man caught on at that point—when Harrington agrees to that—and the joke was over. But to this day, this top executive is kidded about the time when he agreed to share his room with the President. And Harrington taped the conversation just so he'll always have a record of it.

It was the catastrophe of the S.S. Andrea Doria's sinking that innocently led to Harrington's emergence as a TV personality. At Toots Shor's well known restaurant, a few days after the mishap, Harrington was introduced by a fellow ad salesman, Lyle Phillips, as "Guido Panzini," who had been on the bridge of the ill-fated ship when she collided with a Swedish vessel.

"Good heavens, it must have been a terrible experience," said one of the men at the bar. "What was it like that night, standing on the bridge?"

"Was a dark, a-very dark," Harrington answered in his own version of fractured English.

"Did you have any idea that there was going to be a crash," the inquirer pursued.

"Oh sure," said Pat. "I am sure there is gonna be beeg crash when I call out a question in Heenglish and I get an answer in Swedish!"

As each one of the Shor habitués got "the treatment" in an interview with Harrington—or rather, "Panzini"—the gag spread like wildfire around the saloon. A group of a dozen or more took Harrington with them to a popular Italian restaurant down the street, where they presented him to the owners as a survivor of the Andrea Doria crash.

Here the Irish-American Italian got into a stiff argument with the waiters, who accused him of coward-

ice for jumping in a lifeboat with other members of the crew. Pat stoutly defended himself and his pals.

"You ignorant American peasants, you peasants," he screamed, "you do notta understand a rules of the sea. I am not a thinkin' 'bout myself. I am a think about the little lifeboats. They got ver-ry expensive motors in them. Rule of the sea, she always save lifeboats first."

As more and more members of the hip set became aware of Harrington and his vast entertainment potential, they started inventing new roles for him. After he attained a particular measure of success in ribbing a noted golfer—by screeching that Americans were lousy golfers, lousy sports and that most of our tournaments were rigged—they decided to make "Guido Panzini, Italian golf pro," a standard act. The essay-going Harrington readily agreed.

One afternoon — at Shor's, of course—Harrington was introduced to the chubby comedian, Jonathan Winters, no mean kiddier himself. Winters, who is famous for his impish type of facial humor and the strange sounds that emanate from his round face, and Harrington staged an impromptu act that was so sensational that the barflies even stopped drinking to watch!

At that period Winters was serving as a sub for Jack Paar on the latter's show. He happened to be desperately in need of entertaining guest performers, for he had used up vast gobs of his own material. Winters asked Harrington to stop selling TV time long enough to spend some of it on the Paar show.

It was Winters who first introduced Harrington as "Panzini" to the bemused audience. His initial show drew rave responses, and when Paar resumed his star role a short time later, he asked "Panzini" to continue his visits. As the show went on, the fraudulent Italian added depth and length and several other proportions to his character, with the result that in very short order he became a real, living, full-color personality to most of the viewers.

The talk, which was always conducted in the most informal fashion, went something like this: Was Guido married? Oh yes, he had a beautiful wife and three beautiful bambini back in Salerno, Italy. Was he worried about her? No, but she sure was worried about him, being all alone in wicked New York with all those beautiful women running around.

Was there ever any hanky-panky, Paar wanted to know. Harrington's answer to this unrehearsed bit panicked the audience: "Well, sometimes maybe there was a little hanky, but positively no penky!"

How and where did Panzini live in

New York? He didn't know the address, but he knew how to get there on the subway. He shared a room with another man. Who was the other man? Panzini didn't know; he had never even seen him. The other guy slept in the room by day and worked nights, Guido slept in it by night and worked days. How had he located the other man? He answered a blind ad in the newspapers.

Did Panzini have any relatives in this country? Sure, and he trotted out his brother-in-law, Salvatore Padula—"he's a my wife's brudder"—but his new-found relation did very little talking during the interview for the very good reason that Bill Dana, a television writer who had accepted the relative's role for a lark, was perfectly lousy at doing an Italian accent.

Meanwhile the viewing audience was eating it up. Steve Allen got a look at Harrington and decided he had a definite place for a talent like that. He used Harrington in slightly different fashion, however. Harrington abandoned the Guido Panzini role on Steverino's show; instead he played a number of varying roles.

The Great Impersonator portrayed, for instance, a Scotch laird visiting America who made appropriate remarks about the "frightful squandering of money" in the United States, "particularly on television shows, where they probably pay a lad like you (Allen) as much as \$100 a week for doing nothing."

Another time he did an Irish jockey who bitterly complained that all races in America were fixed and that he wouldn't think of competing against a bunch of crooks like the U.S. riders. On still another occasion Harrington was billed as a prominent bop musician whose name—believe it or not—was Lawrence Welk! This one made the Welkin's ring.

When he appeared on the Allen show as an Italian waiter, Harrington won the unprecedented compliment of having a young actress, who watched him from the wings, ask him in what restaurant he worked, because she'd like to take a group of friends there some night.

By now Harrington was faced with a new problem. Should he give up his steady job as advertising salesman, with its built-in security and its laughs, for the uncertain—if far more remunerative—career of actor? His father, speaking from the rich background of a lifetime in show business, was not enthusiastic.

The clincher came, however, when Harrington was selected from a vast number of other young men to play an important role on the Danny Thomas show on CBS. This meant a fairly long-term contract; it also meant that Harrington would be free to continue from time to time

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on the Steve Allen variety show.

So last Fall Harrington moved his whole family, consisting of his wife, the former Margie Gartner, and his two children, Pat Jr., and Michael, to Hollywood. The die was cast.

When he made the decision to become an actor, Harrington thought he was burying "Guido Panzini" forever. He was going to become a performer, not an impersonator. But the 30-year-old Fordham University graduate had another think coming.

On his very first appearance on the Danny Thomas show, he por-

trayed a young chap named Pat Hannigan, who was courting the comedian's daughter, Penney Parker. And what did the script call for him to do?

In order to impress the young lady with something or other, Harrington had to play the role of an Italian golf professional who was also something of a gigolo. His name? Guido Panzini, of course!



LUCKY AT CARDS

(Continued from page 9)

as the inside of a stove pipe, Wilbur also looked capable of taking care of himself in any bar room shuffle. In fact people would probably be cowed by him. They weren't quite sure of Wilbur, and he was so much bigger. This was the main reason, Jack guessed, that Gilbert was stuck with them for the night. It was easy to tell Gilbert cared nothing for the Mullins but he probably hadn't known exactly how to go about not inviting them to stay at his place. Wilbur had doubtless given a few hints that they would be happy to accept an invitation to spend the night, and that was all it took.

Shirley, Wilbur's wife, wasn't a bad-looking woman. She had silver blonde hair, but it wasn't a natural silver. She was really a yellow blonde, but she used a lot of tint on it. Shirley was around twenty-three. Six years before she must have been a real knock-out, about her last year in high school before the flush of adolescence completely left her face. Now, though, she was still pretty but in a common way.

The card game had been in progress for a little over an hour. Wilbur did a great deal of talking, mostly run of the mill stuff, but then he remembered a good one on his old buddy Gilbert. Things started happening after that.

"Like I was saying," Wilbur belatedly, recalling the joke on Gilbert. "There ain't nothing like home town friends. How long's it been since we seen each other?"

Gilbert squirmed. "A little over three years now, Wilbur," he smiled weakly.

Wilbur glanced around to see that everybody was listening. He enjoyed an audience.

"Gilbert you remember the day when... Ha! Ha!" Wilbur could not tell the story without laughing. He banged a fist on the table and the change made a little dance. "When... Ha! Ha!"

Gilbert remembered and he was turning white. It must have been something really bad. The things you dream about the old home

town boys. They really let it go in front of your friends, and after all those years of building up your new reputation.

"The day in the tenth grade when you thought you had to... but you didn't. Instead you mess up your pants... Ha! Ha!... and you had on those white trousers and you backed out of the room with the teacher asking you where you were going. They called a cab for you and gave you a towel to sit on."

Gilbert's face flushed a bright red. Jack feared for a minute Gilbert was going to hit Wilbur. He knew Gilbert well enough to see that he was very angry. Wilbur, though, was a big man and when Jack glanced back to him Gilbert's anger didn't seem too potent. Wilbur was one big man.

"Oh, Wilbur, you oughtn't have," Shirley said. She had been seated on the sofa glancing through the magazines but now she took an interest in the conversation.

Jack hadn't said a word. He wasn't going to laugh—not at Gilbert, but at the same time he wasn't saying anything to Wilbur either. Instead he tried to keep a harmless inoffensive expression on his face like he hadn't really understood what was being said.

Wilbur looked straight at Cersey who gave a quick running smile for the sake of keeping Wilbur happy. But there was no heart behind the smile.

Wilbur guffawed all alone for a minute, then when he saw that no one else joined in his humor he sobered up.

"Aw, you fellows ain't got no sense of humor," he said.

Wilbur picked up the deck of cards. "You fellows decided how many you need?"

The game was draw. Wilbur had started telling his tale on Gilbert right after Cersey said he had opened.

Cersey sat to the right of Jack and he drew first. He took two cards.

Jack was holding a pair of nines.

He took all three, not saying much. When it came to Gilbert there was a wait for him to decide. His mind was still back there, going over the humiliation of what Wilbur had said. He took three.

"I'm standing pat!" Wilbur announced smugly, his small black eyes flickering. There was a look of gloating satisfaction on his face.

The expression stiffened Jack. He was beginning to despise this man more by the minute. Already he had dropped fifteen dollars and Wilbur was winning most of it. Also Wilbur kept counting his money and each time he won he was the kind that had to stick it straight into his pocket.

Jack's third nine came through but he was scared of the pat hand. Cersey showed his openers, queens, and threw in. Gilbert dropped out. Jack was left alone so he called the dollar bet to keep Wilbur honest. Wilbur had a flush. Jack was down eighteen dollars. His beach trip was getting further away.

Jack would have gladly kicked Cersey in the seat of the pants at the moment. He had gotten him into this fouled-up deal. Jack disliked playing cards with strangers, especially people he had never known before and with someone like this Wilbur, whom even the people who knew him couldn't stand. Gilbert had gotten the game together. He had called Cersey and asked him to get somebody else to make it a four-some. Jack wished Cersey had done him the benefit of forgetting him, and he really didn't hold Gilbert responsible. Wilbur was probably the reason behind him. He put the heat on Gilbert and Gilbert melted.

It was only nine o'clock. Jack wished it were eleven. At eleven he was going home. He felt certain he would still be losing but he did not intend to hang around until twelve or one o'clock on the hope of maybe winning his money back and end up by having dropped the entire fifty. From now on until eleven he would be careful and bet only when he thought he had a sure thing.

Shirley went to bed about ten. She stretched and yawned a couple of times. Her dress stretched tight, showing the rise of her bosom and the curve of her hips. Satisfied that she had jolted everyone's blood pressure a point or two, she went into the bedroom.

Shortly after that Cersey started on a winning streak. Wilbur began digging the bills back out of his pocket. As he lost his face became more and more sullen.

Jack kept checking his watch. At ten to eleven he saw Wilbur pull his last five dollar bill from his wallet. Wilbur had changed. His hands were trembling as he played now and great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. He studied his cards.

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Cersey won the pot, a small one, but it left Wilbur with only two dollars and a half on the table in front of him. His last two dollars and a half. His face had turned pallid and his eyes had become dull and anxious.

That he win was very important to him, Jack could see, but just how important Jack could not guess. The man looked as if he were gambling for his very life.

It was Cersey's deal. There was a big pile of money in front of him. At least a hundred and fifty dollars or more. Jack had contributed thirty dollars to the game. Gilbert was losing and had been all night, and Wilbur had let go of everything he had excepting the two dollars and a half. There was a good pile of money in front of Cersey.

Cersey was shuffling the cards when he said it. "You know I'd give all this money to be in bed with a good woman right now."

Wilbur suddenly became alert. He looked at the money, then back at Cersey, his brow bunched, then he looked back at the money. He stared at the money and his mouth twitched.

Cersey caught that something had happened. He paused in shuffling the cards.

Wilbur ran his tongue over his lips; they were swollen looking and thick. "You say you'd give all that money to be in bed with a good woman right now?"

Cersey smiled and relaxed. "Sure, anytime. I've paid more than this," he said. He thought it was a joke.

Cersey saw the look on Wilbur's face then and when he did he sat back in the chair, his eyes growing big.

"O.K. buddy, you got a taker," Wilbur said, his voice hoarse and rasping like the words were sticking in his throat. He jerked his thumb toward the bedroom Shirley had gone into.

It really hit Cersey then. He drew his breath in short. It sounded like an explosion in the room that had grown deathly quiet. He shook his head in disbelief.

"I was just joking, really I was," his voice came out like a girl's, high-pitched.

Wilbur reached over and clamped an iron grip on Cersey's arm. "No you wasn't. I asked you the second time to make sure. You go on in there, it'll be alright."

Cersey looked wildly around the table. Jack avoided his eyes. Gilbert was studying the ceiling. The breathing was the loudest thing in the room.

Wilbur leaned further across the table—his heavy face, the jaw dark with beard almost touching Cersey's. "What's the matter? Ain't she good enough?"

"Look, I'm sorry," Cersey stam-

mered. "Let's forget all about this."

Wilbur stuck his big jaw out, his eyes narrowed to small slits. The veins in his neck were standing out like giant cords. "Forget! Ain't my wife good enough for you? Ain't she better than some common tramp?"

"That's not the point," Cersey said weakly.

"Well, by damn what is the point?" Wilbur said.

"She's your wife!"

Wilbur did not move. He just stared at Cersey his black eyes very intent. "Yeah."

"It isn't right," Cersey said.

"Why ain't it right. That's my privilege, ain't it?"

"Yeah, but . . ."

"Then go in there!" Wilbur shouted at him.

Cersey jumped a foot in the chair. His hands were trembling and all the color in his face had long since gone.

Wilbur was standing now. He rested his huge fists on the table. Cersey sat, his head bowed, looking at the table top.

"You going?" Wilbur asked again.

"But, listen . . ."

Wilbur spoke very slowly, his lips were wet and shining with spittle. "So my wife ain't good as a common slut to you . . . well!"

Jack looked across the room to where the telephone rested. It was a good six or seven steps. Wilbur was going to hit Cersey any moment now. He could see it coming and when he did it was liable to kill Cersey. Wilbur was that big. Jack knew that the three of them together couldn't handle him. He could try to call the police . . . but no, Wilbur would clobber him but good the second he picked the phone up.

"Wait," Cersey said in a thin voice. "I'll go, but I'd like to be sure it's alright with her first."

Jack relaxed. Cersey hadn't spoken a moment too soon.

Wilbur reached over and scraped the pile of money up. He folded it and stuck it in his pocket.

"Shirley!" he called.

There was no answer from the room. He called again even louder.

"Yes," she answered sleepily.

"Come out here a minute."

Shirley was rubbing the sleep from her eyes when she appeared in the doorway. She had on a bathrobe. Her hair was messed, but it gave her a relaxed, primitive look. She was very pretty and appealing standing there sleepy eyed.

"What is it, Wilbur?"

"This fellow," he pointed at Cersey. "Is going to sleep with you."

She snapped her head up, surprised. "What?"

"This fellow is going to sleep with you. Now go get your clothes off and get in bed."

"Wilbur, I'm not . . ."

"Yes you are," he interrupted.

"Look," Cersey ventured, "if she doesn't want to."

"She wants to, alright," Wilbur said. "If she can give it away she ought to be glad to get paid for it."

"Wilbur . . . please!" Shirley said.

Wilbur stared at her. For a moment her eyes blazed and she faced his glare, then slowly the light went out of her eyes and her head sagged. "Alright," she said softly.

Cersey followed her into the room.

He looked like a man condemned to face the firing squad.

Jack looked at his watch. It was eleven-fifteen. He looked at Wilbur. Wilbur had taken the money out of his pocket and was counting it. He counted it once; then he counted it again. He wasn't paying any attention to the money, it was obvious. Jack was waiting . . . waiting for the first noises from the bed springs. He wondered what Wilbur would do when he heard.

Wilbur stopped counting the money. He closed his eyes and the muscles in his body tightened, quivering. He put his hands over his ears and closed his eyes.

There was a heavy silence in the room. Jack tried to light a cigarette but his hand trembled so he could not. He gave up. The noises in the next room drifted through. The springs squeaking, slow then faster. It went on and on. Jack wondered for how long. He glanced at his watch again. It was twelve-thirty.

Wilbur still sat with his ears covered. There was a place on his right temple where the artery passed. It was jumping. The big veins along his neck stood out. They were jumping, too.

Finally the noises stopped. The door opened and Cersey, wilted and tired-looking, came out. He did not speak, nor did he look at Wilbur. He walked through the room and out the door. He touched Jack on the shoulder when he passed. Jack followed him out. No one spoke. Wilbur took his hands off his ears. He seemed to have shrunk in size.

Cersey had ridden over with Jack. Now they drove along in silence. Jack wanted to ask him about it, but he wasn't sure exactly how to.

Cersey spoke first. "Well, I'll be damned!"

"Damned what?" Jack asked.

"I couldn't do it!"

"Couldn't . . ." Jack said, "But the noises, the moans and . . ."

"All made up. I jumped up and down on the bed. Man, am I tired I need a drink!"

"After all that money you paid, you did nothing?"

Cersey looked at Jack for a minute, then spoke softly . . . "Could you?"



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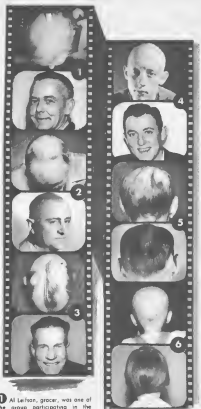
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THE KISS-AND-TELL SPY

(Continued from page 36)

possible that he himself suffered conscience qualms at having a former mistress languishing in jail. Or, one of her many lovers may have paid her debt to Butler.

In any case, Aphra was set free—and immediately shocked all London with the announcement that she intended to make her living as a writer. It was an unheard-of idea. Women didn't do such things in 17th Century England. It was comparable to an announcement that she would perform a public striptease in Berkeley Square.

Thus was the first female writer in English history born. Two centuries later women writers were still using men's names to sign their works, but Aphra scorned such modesty. She wrote under her own name, as a woman, and she wrote about her own life—with particular attention to her lovers, her liaisons and her lewd-est moments.

The confessions of the 27-year-old beauty went over big with the reading public of that time. But the male members of her profession attacked Aphra with all the scorn at their command. The very quality which made her work popular—its raucousness—also made it vulnerable to such attacks.

Her philosophy—which runs through all of Aphra's writing—was a particular target. She believed that human beings are by nature sinful and that such sinfulness should be considered tolerantly. Also, with her tongue in her cheek, she developed the idea that it's easy for sinners to show tolerance because they're too lazy to indulge in bigotry.

Aphra always included herself among the sinners she theorized about. She was never too occupied with writing to forsake the pleasures of the flesh. One of her most talked about affairs was with a famous barrister of the time named Hoyle.

He followed the pattern set by her previous lovers and, as usual, Aphra found mostly unhappiness in their relationship. For one thing, Hoyle's

sex practices were unnatural, to say the least. (A few years before his death in a tavern brawl, he was indicted on a charge of "unnatural vice.") For another, he sponged off Aphra unmercifully, squandering her money as fast as she earned it.

Still, it was in Aphra's nature that the more a man mistreated her, the more she loved him. Consider, for instance, this paragraph from a letter she wrote to Hoyle shortly after he deserted her:

"You left me to torments. You went to love alone and left me to rage and fevers. Farewell! I love you more and more every hour of my life..."

Other lovers followed Hoyle, but the main part of Aphra's energies were now devoted to playwriting. During the next 14 years she penned such hits as "The Town Fop," "The Feigned Courtiers," "The Lucky Chance," "The Forced Marriage," and many others. Then, in 1682, royal pressure was added to the determination of male writers to keep her from penning plays.

Innuendoes and references to her affair with Charles II in her works had aroused the palace ire. Aphra was threatened with being sent to jail. In the face of the threat, she gave up playwriting and concentrated on turning out novels and verses which are free of political implication—although as ribald as her former works.

She continued gathering source material in her boudoir until 1687 when she was stricken with a painful disease which may have been cancer. She lived for two years, indulging in lovemaking and writing as though each day might be her last and then, at the age of 49, she died.

Shortly before her death, Aphra Behn spoke her own epitaph. "I write because I must," she said, and added with a twinkle in her eye, "and my reason for loving is the same."



HOW TO PAD A SWINDLE SHEET

(Continued from page 42)

game, you need plenty of nerve.

You also need a good memory. When you put down that you were at the Stork with Elmer Glub on the 17th of January, it doesn't do to let slip what a great fight you caught at the 'Garden the same night. If you've been charging the company for gas for your car at the rate of six miles to the gallon, it isn't smart to brag to the firm's accountant that you're getting close to 40 on your Volkswagens. If you've called in sick one day during the week, you'd best remember not to include lunch with

a client that day on your voucher.

And it isn't the obvious things that you have to remember. Just as often it's the little odd facts that you never stop to consider that can trip you up. For instance, one lawyer employed by a small firm included the following items on his weekly swindle-sheet: "Cocktails with Hubble Rubble—\$12.10."

As a lawyer, he should have known better; he should have considered the evidence and studied the precedents. His face was red indeed when his boss called him on it. It

seems that Hubble Rubble was a well-known teetotaler whose yearly contribution to the W.C.T.U. ran into the thousands.

Incidentally, notice the figure that the lawyer picked to pad his expenses: \$12.10—it's typical. In padding an expense account, no experienced swindle-sheeter would ever think of simply putting down twelve dollars. The theory (and it seems to work out) is that odd figures have a more authentic ring to them. Somehow a fellow who meticulously lists his expenses to the penny seems less likely to be padding than the one who rounds off his figures. Expense accounts are filled with items like: Carfare—\$49.33; Dinner—\$17.69; Hotel Bill—\$28.17; and Cocktails—\$11.09.

Such 'accuracy' sounds like each expense had been scrupulously recorded at the time for the express purpose of transferring it to the voucher. But anybody who has watched a gyp-sheet artist sweating over his work knows just how much thought goes into each figure that is set down. There is a delicate balance system at work in this process.

The balance is one which must be maintained between personal expenses, back bills and such, and just how much the voucher traffic will bear. Usually, he starts out by making two lists. The first list, that of the expenses he must meet, is rigid. He doesn't waste much time going over it.

The second list however, the one on which he puts down various expense account items, is extremely flexible. It is subject to many revisions and changes, mostly with the purpose of jacking up its total. Also, names are written and then scratched out. Mr. Grunch was down three times for dinner on the last voucher and he still hasn't been signed. It won't do to use him again; better list that new buyer instead.

Snackieby isn't such a hot idea either. He's got an appointment with the boss tomorrow and he's liable to let something slip. On the other hand, Zilch is in the hospital and that should be good for ten bucks for candy and flowers. And Glub's wife had a baby; it's good business to have sent a gift.

When the names and the items on the expense account have been thoroughly worked over, the real revisions begin. In order to make the voucher booty equal the bills facing him, the swindle-sheet artist must then juggle figures with the dexterity of an expert who tosses the implements of his juggling act higher and higher into the air without losing the delicate balance which keeps them from crashing around him. Slowly, he begins upping the amounts of the various charges.

Visiting Zilch in the hospital ultimately cost his firm twenty instead

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of ten dollars. The ante on Glub's newborn babe was raised from eight to 13 bucks. And the new buyer got taken to dinner twice instead of once at a cost which jumped from \$12.55 to \$16.30 to \$21.18.

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HAUNTS OF A ROUE

(Continued from page 38)

the door hadn't opened, there she was on this side of it, petite, round-faced, smiling, the way she had looked that summer in St. Paul the year after World War One ended. No, it couldn't be Ronnie, either. Ronnie was a solid little bit of flesh-and-blood womanhood. This creature was a filmy, vapory thing through which Henry could see the door, dark paneling, tarnished brass door-knob, bullet-holes and all.

"Ronnie! You're not—"

"Yes, Pinky, dead."

"Oh! I'm sorry."

"Don't pity me, Pinky. I got off easy compared with my friends who died long, lingering deaths."

"You certainly are a friendly ghost."

"Why not? I was a friendly person, wasn't I?"

"There never was a friendlier. Or more patient. How you ever endured me, I don't know. I could have been elected the Lover Least Likely to Succeed."

"Naturally you were inexperienced. I was the first woman in your life. Or so you said, anyway."

"You doubted my word?"

"Don't make me laugh, Pinky. I never doubted it. No make-believe experience could have been half so convincing. Remember the night—well, the night. You were so funny when you looked at me with that sheepish expression and said, 'What a hell of a thing to do to a good friend!'"

"You didn't laugh at me then."

"No, Pinky; I would have hurt your feelings, then. And I understood. But I slew your inhibitions—not in cold blood, I think you will admit. And after that, you were wonderful. Of all the men I've known, you were the most fun. Remember how we used to laugh? Remember the night we guilawed so loud the neighbors began banging on the pipes? That was the night you said we had been too close for words. Really, Pinky, you were priceless!"

"You wouldn't marry me, though, Ronnie."

"Of course not, Pinky. Do you think I wanted to take a boy to

From this it should be seen that in padding a swindle sheet, need, not expenditures is the determining factor. Everybody would like to enjoy champagne on a beer budget, but only the swindle sheet has made it possible. At today's prices, it's pretty difficult to live within your income. But anybody can live—and darned well—within his expense account.



raise? I wanted a grown-up husband. I didn't see any indication that you ever would grow up. Did you ever grow up, Pinky?"

"The consensus of feminine opinion seems to be that I did not. You got a husband, though, who did. At an early age, I gather."

"At a very early age. Henry was born grown up, I think. I don't mean to run Henry down. He was as good a husband as a woman could ask for; Kind, generous, fair-minded. But Pinky, is there anything so outrageously dull as a completely mature man? I nearly died of boredom many times. Especially between lovers. And some of the lovers were almost as mature as Henry was. Then I tried to find a lover as immature as you were. Of course I couldn't. Nobody could. And of course none of those I picked were anywhere near so amusing as dear, sweet, comical Pinky. I loved you, Pinky. I've always loved you. I always will love you."

With a start Pinky realized that the specter was growing fainter. "Don't go yet, Ronnie!" he pleaded. "We've got so much more to talk about!" But she was gone, and there was no sound save those of the wind, the rain, the timbers of the house, the rats and the mice.

Pinky closed his eyes. Dear little Ronnie! But then he became aware of someone whistling. Someone beyond the door. Now what was that tune? It was a familiar one. Why, of course—"Beautiful Ohio" the one Thelma used to whistle so much.

Pinky wondered what had ever become of Thelma, and although he hadn't been thinking aloud, an answer came.

"I'm right here, you gentle son-of-a-b!"

Then she was in the room, standing right where Ronnie had stood. As filmy and vapory and transparent as Ronnie had been, too. And it was Thelma, all right. Nobody else had that want-to-fight look on her face or that I'm sensual-and-I-don't-care-who-knows-it look in her eye.

"As gentle as ever, Pinky?"

"Gentler. I grew gentler with age."

"You're a liar! Nobody could be

Don't Be Confused!

any gentler than you were that winter in Chicago. Why, you were the gentlest bastard that ever made love to a woman! And when I was sick, or hurt, or drunk, you were gentler than all the men I ever knew and a couple of hospital staffs thrown in."

"You wouldn't marry me though, Thelma."

"Hell, no! I was a flaming Mamie to end all Flaming Mamies! What I wanted was a great, big, powerful, red-blooded, two-flsted he-man with hair on his chest; one who could crush me in his mighty arms and raise my temperature seven notches above the boiling point."

"That's what you got!"

"Was that ever what I got! They called him the Hairy Ape after a character in some highbrow play. He was hairy, all right. Also an ape. Then there were others. Some were hairier. Some were more ape-like. All were hard, tough and passionate. Finally there was Spike. He was a sailor on one of the Great Lakes whalebacks. We fought like cats and dogs. One night we fought with beer bottles. He recovered. I didn't."

"I was afraid something like that would happen. But how come you ever took up with a soft guy like me?"

"Curiosity. I kept wondering what a sweet, gentle, refined guy from a good family would be like, and I didn't want to die wondering."

"You found out."

"You're bloody well right. I found out that you weren't the kind of a man that could satisfy the kind of a woman like me. But you were a good egg, Pinky. A soft-boiled egg, but still the best damned egg that ever lived."

And now Thelma's specter was fading as Ronnie's had faded.

"Thelma! Don't go yet!" Pinky cried. But she was gone.

Then, almost the next instant, over in the dark corner at the left, there was another specter, a tall, willowy one with bright eyes that seemed to be asking a dozen questions at once.

"Freda!"

"Yes, Pinky, my dear love-object."

"Freda! I didn't know you were—"

"You wouldn't, Pinky; my death didn't get much publicity except in certain sociological journals you wouldn't be reading. So busy improving my mind, I let my body go all to pieces. You're looking fine, though; remarkably well for a man of your age."

"Yes, I've taken good care of my body. Mentally, though, I'm still the moron you used to know."

"You never were a moron, Pinky; you just didn't have an interest in anything intellectual."

"You were intellectual, and I had an interest in you. But I never did understand why you ever took up with a lowbrow like me."

"Well, now it can be told; I was

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planning my thesis on 'Seasonal Variability in Female Sexuality.'

"I see; and you picked me because you felt you could do it more justice if—"

"Frankly, yes, Pinky. Of course I loved all my lovers. But I rationalized myself into thinking I loved them much more than I did. All except you, that is. I loved you more than I thought I did at the time. Much more."

"Never enough to marry me, however."

"No, I just had to have a man who was my intellectual equal."

"I heard that you got one."

"Then you heard wrong, Dr. Edelwels wasn't my equal. He was my superior. So much my superior I got one of the most magnificent inferiority complexes a psychiatrist ever saw. People used to say that he was one of the twelve men who could understand Einstein, and Einstein was one of the three who could understand him. A good man, Pinky, but can you imagine a man stopping between—well, between kisses, to jot down scientific notes?"

"I think I can. You took mental ones without stopping."

"I made mental notes that you were the grandest lowbrow I ever knew, Pinky; and the grandest any-kind-of brow."

Now Freda's specter was fading, but over among the shadows in the opposite corner another was appearing, one almost as tall but nowhere near so willowy, a specter with a pretty face but a firm jaw and a somewhat firmer mouth.

"Yvonne!"

"It isn't anybody else, Pinky. What have you been doing lately?"

"Nothing that would get me into the headlines."

"You were born to be obscure. But many times I got nostalgic for the sweet obscurity of our little love nest in Detroit."

"You could have lived in it the rest of your life."

"I know, Pinky; but I had a yen for ambitious men, and ambition is made of sterner stuff than you."

"Ambitious men were what you got?"

"They certainly were. I left you for Slat. He was going to knock more home runs than Babe Ruth did. Didn't come too far from succeeding, either. I loved Slat. He loved me too, whenever he could get his mind off his batting average. He did sometimes, during the winter."

"The Maestro was ambitious enough."

"Was he ever! He was going to be a greater conductor than Toscanini. He wasn't, of course, but he died thinking he was. He neglected me shamefully. The time appointments hit me, he put me into an ambulance and went off to a rehearsal."

"And the Senator tried to be Pres-

ident. I seem to remember THAT."

"Tom Dewey never tried any harder. I was just the little woman who helped him entertain the bigwigs he thought would put him right into the White House. I still think he would have made it, too, if certain persons hadn't double-crossed him in that smoke-filled room."

"I wouldn't have blamed you if you had been untrue to all three of them."

"Oh, I was. Often. Usually with men just as ambitious as they were. But it wasn't much fun. I couldn't shine in the reflected glory of my lovers without causing scandal so I didn't shine, and that sort of spoiled things."

"You should have come back and not shone with me."

"I should have, Pinky. I'm sorry now that I didn't. You were a nobody if any man ever was, but you were the darlingest nobody a woman ever lived with."

Now Yvonne's specter was fading, and almost at once another, a husky, determined-looking one, was striding back and forth across the room, yet with no clatter coming from her spectral heels.

"Still nervous, I see, Arline."

"Yes, Pinky. I thought death was going to calm me down, but it hasn't done so."

"Have you forgiven me, Arline?"

"Forgiven you? For what?"

"For gyping you out of that money."

"Oh, that! You didn't gyp me, Pinky. You intended to pay me back every cent. It wasn't your fault you couldn't. I never held it against you. After all, I loved you, Pinky."

"Not enough to be my blushing bride, Arline."

"Certainly not. Did you ever know what it was like to go hungry when you were a kid, Pinky? Did you ever know what it was to go to bed cold and stay cold all night? I did, and I didn't want any more poverty as long as I lived. I wanted security, and was I going to have it with dear, irresponsible Pinky, who never made any money except when he used my judgment or somebody else's beside his own?"

"And of all the imprudent men that ever lived, you were the most imprudent. Do you remember the time you bought the phonograph and we had to live on crackers and cheese over the week-end? Do you remember the time you went to the World Series when you didn't have a decent pair of shoes? Do you remember all the times you came home broke from the race track?"

"No, that happened so many times I can't remember them all. But I guess Hawthorn Brant gave you plenty of security."

"Yes, plenty of security. Plenty of furs. Plenty of jewels. Plenty of spending money. Hawthorn was never stingy. You couldn't say he loved

money. All he loved was making money. But did he ever love that! He took financial reports to bed with him, for God's sake! Even when he went to bed with me!"

"It must have been hard to be true to a man like that."

"Hard? It was impossible. I began having lovers. Rich lovers at first. Playboys. All they thought of was spending their dad's money. Then I tried gigolos. All they thought of was spending mine."

"I guess I was a gigolo myself."

"You were no gigolo, Pinky. We always went fifty-fifty except when you didn't have any money."

"Which was more than half the time."

"More than three-quarters of the time. I would say. But we were wonderful pals. And after all, we had only one fight."

"That was the finish fight. We never saw each other again until now. But don't tell me you've forgiven me after that. I picked that fight with you, Arline, because I wanted to brush you off. Frankly, you had so much more horse sense than I had that you were getting on my nerves. I didn't fight fair, either."

"You certainly didn't. But I understood. I was about ready to brush you off too, Pinky. I welcomed that fight."

"You didn't fight as if you welcomed it."

"No, I couldn't take such treatment lying down. I had to fight back. When you were gone, I breathed a sigh of relief, though."

"Then we're still friends?"

"Better friends than ever, Pinky; and when you come into the spirit world, we'll have good times together. There won't be any financial troubles. We don't need money in the spirit world. We don't have any."

And now, as Arline's specter faded out, Pinky felt something lighter than a zephyr upon his thinning hair. A moment later, another specter, a plump, moon-faced specter with jovial eyes and a happy smile was on his lap. It seemed strange to have a feminine form there that he could see through, and feel no weight of it whatever.

"Well, Pinky, how is my old sparring partner?"

"Daisy! Don't tell me we're still friends!"

"But we are."

"After the way I treated you?"

"You treated me abominably, Pinky. You were a louse. You were a stinker of the stinkers, as I told you innumerable times."

"I was worse than that, Daisy. I did awful things!"

"You did. I didn't understand why at the time. I did later, though. You loved me, Pinky. You loved me so much you were afraid you might marry me. And you weren't the marrying kind. So you acted like a spoiled brat. Then when I told you

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you did, you acted like a worse brat. I could have joyfully wrung your neck sometimes. I've often wondered why I didn't."

"But you've forgiven me?"
"Completely. After all, Pinky, there were compensations."

"What compensations?"
"The things you taught me. Do you remember how inhibited I was when you met me?"

"How could I forget that? But I understood. It was that puritanical bringing up your mother gave you."

"You were so sweet. At first, that is. Well, I shudder to think of what would have happened when I married Jasper if I hadn't lived with you first. He was as inhibited as I had been. But with patience and what I learned from you, I overcame all that, and Pinky, I don't think any woman who ever lived had a happier marriage than I did."

"I'm glad to hear that, Daisy."
"Our marriage was good to the end. Jasper and I died together in a plane crash near Denver without ever having had a quarrel."

As Daisy's specter faded out, Pinky began to be aware of a

draft in the room. He didn't see where it could have come from. The windows were all closed. The door was closed. Yet the draft grew stronger. Stronger and colder.

At length it reached what seemed almost hurricane proportions. It rattled the windows. It rattled the doors. It made the tattered wallpaper flap against the crumbling plaster. It made the flame of the lamp flutter and cast more ghostly shadows than ever upon the walls and ceiling. Then, right through the door, strode a husky specter, an angry specter, brandishing a spectral umbrella in its spectral hand and baring a set of savage spectral teeth.

"So here you are, my no-account, good-for-nothing husband!" it belowered. "Well, there were a few things I meant to tell you before I died, Pinky! To begin with—"

But Pinky was no longer there. He had dashed to the window, thrown up the sash, and leaped out. Screaming!



SOFT SELL

(Continued from page 20)

ment. You must think I'm pretty silly." She reached for her coat. "I'd better go."

Art put his hand gently on her arm. "Please don't. I know what you mean. I felt it too. Look, let's have dinner together and we'll talk. O.K.?"

Dressing hurriedly, he chuckled when he caught himself humming "Some Enchanted Evening."

"Do you mind if I leave my briefcase here?" she asked as they left. "I can pick it up later."

He hadn't even noticed it. This was too good to be true.

They had dinner in a quiet place he knew where the lighting as well as the waiter was discreet—the food didn't really matter. Art found himself doing most of the talking. She seemed to have the key that opened the long buried cache of thoughts, dreams, frustrations that now came pouring out. The little she told him about herself was enough to interest him and yet he had a vague suspicion that she was holding something back—an area of her life that he mustn't try to approach. If she was trying to make herself mysterious, he thought, this artless, obviously sincere girl couldn't have done a better job. Yet, he felt he knew her, not just the facts of her existence—they could be too misleading—but, the real her. It was more of a feeling than anything else, though to him quite genuine.

As they strolled silently back to his apartment, the gentle pressure of her hand in his telegraphed electrical impulses to his imagination. He

knew from the way she looked at him in the elevator that there would be no pretense—no coyness—no frantic fumbling for a thing that once gained would be no longer wanted.

Afterwards, they lay there smoking, talking quietly. At his prompting she told him about the freezer business. She told him about the men—like greedy little boys, clutching, pawing, dangling sales before her in exchange for certain favors. She detested it, but an occasional sale from someone who really wanted a freezer paid well and she needed the money.

Art felt he wanted to do something for her. After all, she had given him a great deal. She had ripped out his loneliness replacing it with her warm, lithe body and tender caresses. He was sure she wouldn't accept a gift from him, but a straight business proposition—that was something else. He would buy a freezer.

"No. Not from you," she said sitting up suddenly. "I couldn't."

But, he argued in a logical, precise manner, realizing that any other approach would be useless. He told her how he really needed one. How he was always running out of food. How he hated shopping. How he had been considering one for months, finally clinching it by telling her he would get it from someone else if she refused. She couldn't fight the logic of his arguments.

"All right," she said. "But, I insist it be done purely on a business

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to feel weak and run-down from the moment I woke up in the morning to the time I tumbled into bed at night. Believe me, taking care of a home and family is a hard enough job even when you feel good. But trying to be a good mother and wife when you barely have the strength to move around would make any woman a wreck!

I found myself getting upset by almost everything, I became cross and irritable with the children. I'd start arguments with my husband over the smallest things. I finally decided to see our family doctor.

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See p. 37